OLD WEST

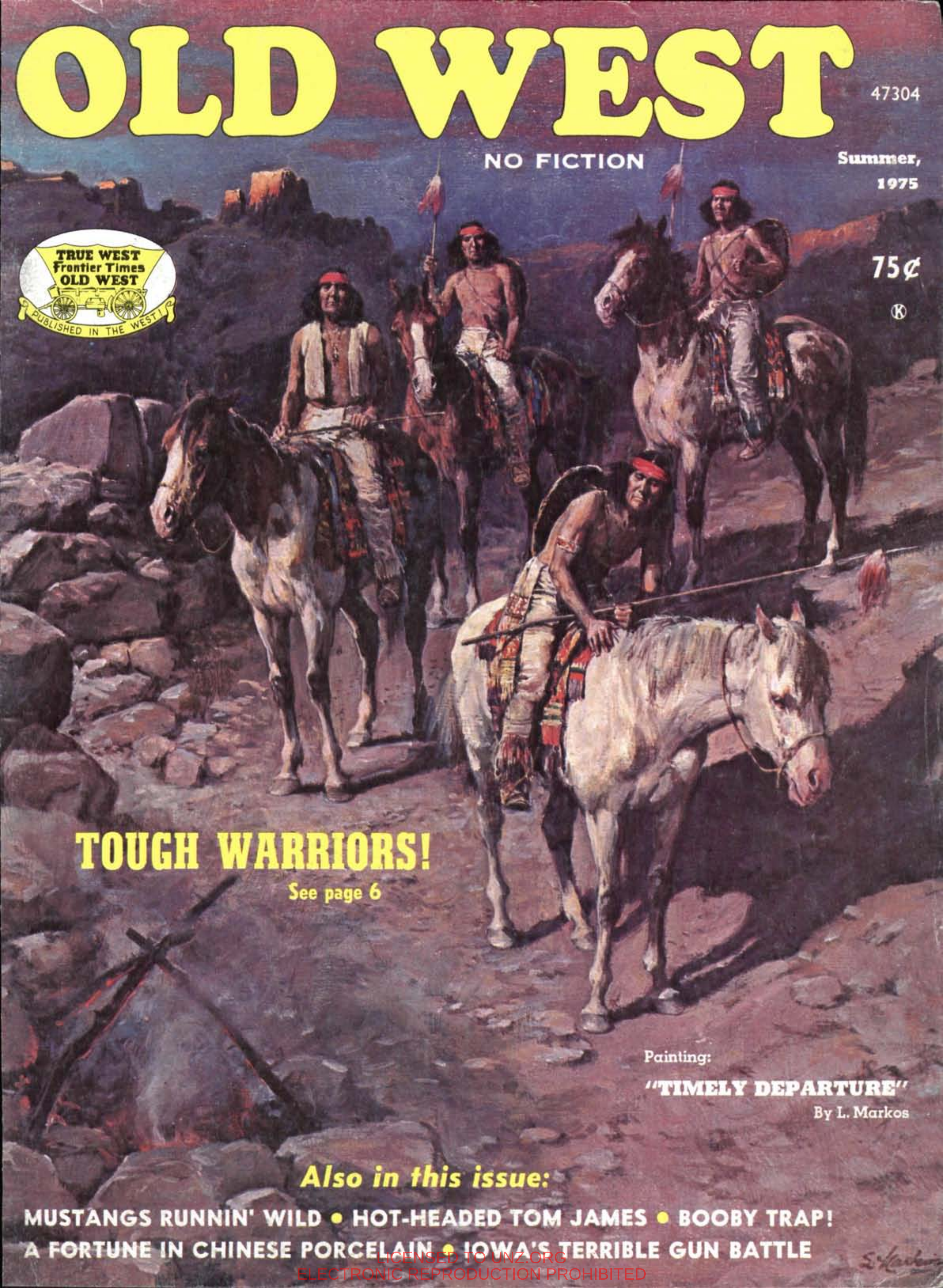
47304

NO FICTION

Summer,
1975

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

75¢
Ⓚ



TOUGH WARRIORS!

See page 6

Painting:
"TIMELY DEPARTURE"
By L. Markos

Also in this issue:

MUSTANGS RUNNIN' WILD • HOT-HEADED TOM JAMES • BOOBY TRAP!
A FORTUNE IN CHINESE PORCELAIN • IOWA'S TERRIBLE GUN BATTLE

Charles M. Russell Color Prints

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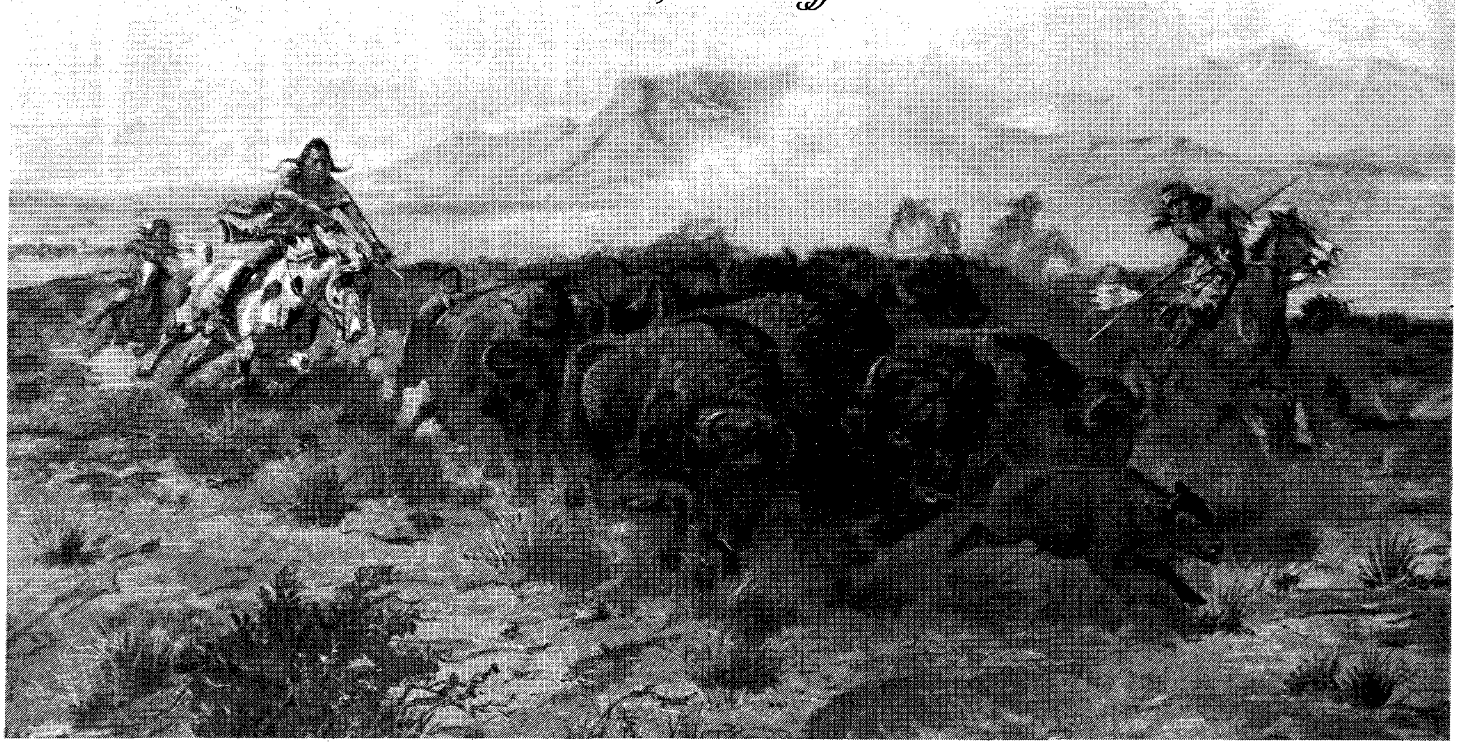
This is #101, "The Buffalo Hunt."



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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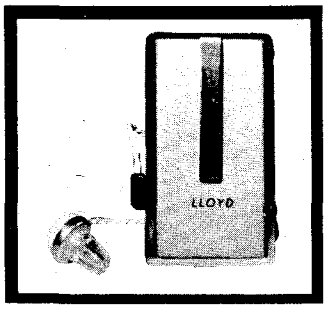
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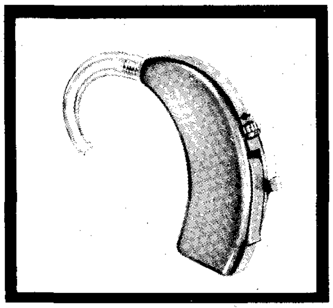
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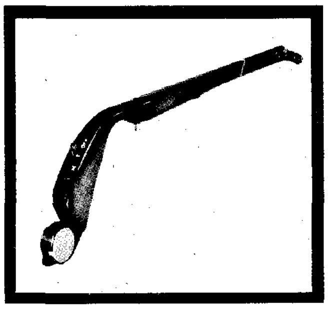
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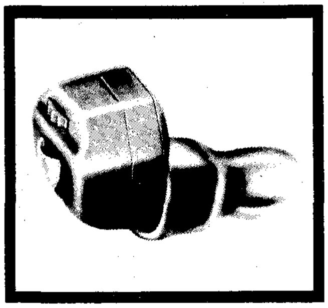
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OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

Our OLD WEST Feature!

TOUGH WARRIORS!

By
John R. Winslowe

SUMMER, 1975 VOL. 11, NO. 4 WHOLE NO. 44

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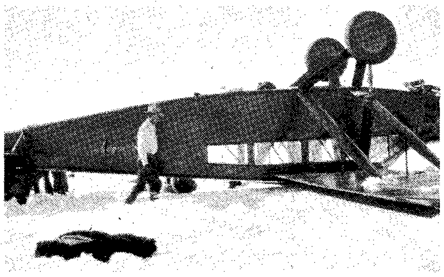
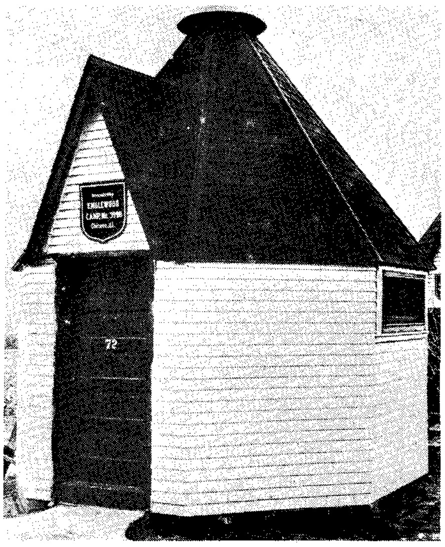


Read what happened on a routine day in Chama, New Mexico!
See page 14!



Know what these are?
Turn to page 22!

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address. Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, of sufficient size for return, with all submissions.

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I NEED YOUR ADVICE AGAIN!

I DIDN'T bother you folks much when this company was sort of fox-trotting across the prairie but now that I am in sandy land, digging up stumps to make way for a road to roll on, I am back asking for what has always been expert advice.

This has to do with our twins, *True West* and *Frontier Times*. However, so many of you read those as well as *Old West*, that many of you refer to the three as a "family" group. So when one of the family is ailing, we have all gotten together in the past and decided whether or not to administer a prickly pear poultice, give a dose of castor oil—or any remedy it takes to help along the one that's sufferin'.

As I said, I have put this before *True West* and *Frontier Times* readers and if you read them also, you are probably so tired of my asking your opinion that you will sit down and give it to me in no uncertain terms! Anyhow, here's the problem, as she lies.

(From the April 1975 True West)

YOU BE THE JUDGE:

SHALL WE KILL FRONTIER TIMES?

THE QUESTION is asked in all sincerity. It would be an unparalleled decision in the history of this company but drastic times call for drastic measures.

Seems like inflation, the constant rise in paper costs, postage *(nobody* seems to be able to do anything about that!) and the depression in general should be enough to be concerned about. However, if a man is going to do any worrying at all, he ought to get all of it in one sack and do his suffering up proper. I remember when I was writing stories to get through high school and college, I titled one MAN, IF YOU'RE GONNA CUSS —CUSS LOUD! So, if we're gonna have worries, we might as well worry right out loud and ask your advice as usual on especially big decisions.

This particular decision (on whether or not to continue with *Frontier Times)* lies almost entirely in the hands of *True West* NEWSSTAND READERS. From all the data we can get our hands on, it seems that most of you buy *True West* every issue and *Frontier Times* now and then. This sort of defeats the whole purpose—that is, to effect monthly publication. Material we use in *True West* and *Frontier Times* is *exactly the same* type and quality (one magazine is no better than the other)—but it sure is hard to put that point over! Instead of rehashing the whys and wherefors of our problems in keeping *Frontier Times* up with *True West,* I am just going to run the batch of questions at you that I asked *Frontier Times* readers. For gosh sakes, folks, if we've got any friends out there (and we're supposed to have a *few* at least!) drop us a line on what you think. It always has, and it always will, HELP TREMENDOUSLY! Now, here's the problem.

(From the March 1975 Frontier Times)

VIQ

THIS is a VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION for sure! In fact, it may be one of the most important I have asked you readers during our stormy twenty-two years of publishing! Without any further fanfare, here it is pointblank— SHALL WE KILL OFF *FRONTIER TIMES* AND MAKE *TRUE WEST* MONTHLY?

Now that may be a shocker to you, but we have worried with the advisability of this particular thing since making *Frontier Times* and *True West* running mates. I have explained a number of times that keeping both magazines bi-monthly would allow us to keep each on the newsstands twice as long and thereby create better sales. So, you have been getting *True West* one month and *Frontier Times* the next which should have worked out just beautifully, and it has in every respect but one—*Frontier Times* isn't and never has sold as well on the newsstands as *True West.*

That is the $64 puzzle. Several years ago I shot a series of questions at you relative to just WHY on this particular subject. We had all kinds of answers but none of them seemed to diagnose the ailment. Maybe there is no diagnosis other than the title itself. One publisher I know turns out two *identical* men's magazines. He puts the very same type and quality material in both, yet one title *consistently* outsells the other by 10%! This has been fairly common in the history of magazine publishing. Most companies just kill the title that is running 10% behind and make the other monthly.

However, killing *Frontier Times* would be sort of like stabbing an old friend in the back. The puzzle of why it isn't right up there in newsstand sales with *True West* may never be answered. *Frontier Times* is shoulder to shoulder with *True West* from a subscription standpoint SO IT IS YOU NEWSSTAND READERS WE NEED TO HEAR FROM.

Those who have been with us for a number of years will remember that I came out strongly on the fact that *True West* and *Frontier Times* were the *same* magazine—that we were putting them out every other month so that both could have two months sale on newsstands. I likened them to two bottles of wine, each being filled from the same cask but with different labels. We still have people writing in saying that *Frontier Times* is better than *True West;* while others prefer *True West.* It is seemingly impossible to put over the fact that a title is the only difference. I even switched contents of *True West* and *Frontier Times* at the very last minute on a number of issues and nobody ever noticed. We have made so many experiments that it just about *has* to be the title.

After all my reassurance that *Frontier Times* carries the same quality of material as *True West,* we had an upsurge in sales. Gradually, over the years, however, the same old percentage gap reappeared. The big difference now is that the situation is more critical today than it was then because a 7% to 10% difference in newsstand sales can mean the difference between loss and possibly a little profit. Many magazines are closing shop and practically all are getting a facelift one way or the other. Publishers are frantically testing new formats, contents, and everything else that goes into the make-up of a publication to see how the public reacts. They do this before *asking* their readers. By golly, I'm doing what I have done for twenty-two years —I'm asking *first.*

YOU will note I have talked over our immediate future with you in all three magazines recently. One question was about the rare *Old West* books. In short, would you like to see us bring them back even if we must print them in two or three parts? These scarce old books (the originals running all the way from $25 to $200 in cost) seemed very popular when

(Continued on page 64)

LETTER RIP!
Britz

Tom Tyler Cowboy Movies

I read of Tom Tyler, cowboy strong man, in your Winter, '74 issue. I remember him well. I saw just about all the Westerns he played in, but as far as I can remember I missed the Canadian Mounted Police and Captain Marvel pictures. He played the lead in one you didn't mention, "The Silver Bullet." In that story he had done something for which he was given a silver bullet on a silver chain, which he wore around his neck like a medal. Near the end of the picture he was cornered among rocks in the hills by the villain. Tyler was out of ammunition except for that silver bullet, but he managed to get it off the chain, put it in his gun, kill the villain, and the picture had a happy ending.

I saw some of his Westerns several times each, including those in which he played the bad guy, like "Light of the Western Stars" and "Powder Smoke Range."—Jim Squire, P. O. Box 1023, Topeka, Kansas 66601

A Car for a Cow

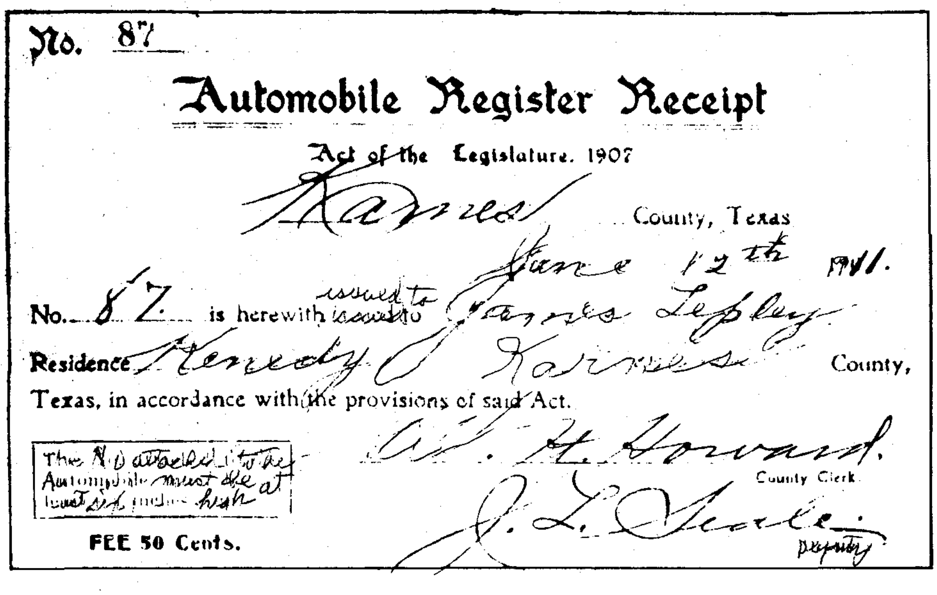
Here is my renewal for two years of OLD WEST. I thought you might like a copy of our 1911 Automobile Register Receipt. I have the original in a frame. We lived in Texas from the time I was two until I was seven years old. This was my folks' first car and they traded it off for a cow. My mother thinks it was a Sears car. Mother is ninety-five and still going strong.—Mrs. Mildred Cox, Rt. N. Box 690, Yachats, Oregon 97498

Orville Ewing at Possum Trot

I was so surprised to see the letter about Orville Ewing in the Winter OLD WEST. He came to see us here at Possum Trot right after the road was opened by our place and stayed nearly a whole day, talking with everyone who came in. I have a postcard of him with his wagon, burros, goat and all, so I sure enjoyed reading that letter and seeing the picture. He stayed around this area for a week or more and let people pay him for taking pictures of him. I hope he'll see this and remember me, as I am still running my shop.—Mrs. Calvin Block, Possum Trot, P. O. Box 91, Yermo, California 92398

The Christmas Miracle

At the risk of making a nuisance of myself (just posted a letter to you about a week ago!) I would like to let you know that "A Hobo's Christmas Eve" by Rufus L. Porter (Winter 1974), even though short and to the point, was a very warm and inspiring story and the type of story we should have more of. I identified with it (from similar experience) and feel sure others have had similar experiences. There were no dates given in the story, but if Mr. Porter still lives, I would like him to know I thank him very much for sharing his experience with us. —Mrs. Walter L. Britt, 45 Galilee Lane, #1, San Francisco, California 94115



No. 87

Automobile Register Receipt

Act of the Legislature. 1907

Karnes County, Texas

June 12th 1911.

No. 87 is herewith issued to James Lepley

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The No. attached to the Automobile must be at least six inches high

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W. H. Howard.
County Clerk

J. L. Steele
Deputy

Relatives Found

I wish to thank you for helping me to locate relatives through your "Trails Grown Dim" section. With over 200 million or more people on the move in the United States, I think I have been extremely lucky to have been contacted by three relatives from whom I had not heard in more than fifty years. Friends told them of reading my letter in the 1974 Summer edition of OLD WEST.—Mrs. Thelma Akers Sisson, 406 Michigan Avenue, Bonifay, Florida 32425

Idaho Native Remembers

I recently purchased the Winter '74 OLD WEST and am very much interested in one of the articles, "Three Quick Rifle Shots" by Noel Routson. I am a native of Idaho, being born in Weiser in 1897, and while we came to Texas when I was a boy, I remember quite a bit about that country. Both my parents are buried at Weiser, and I have been back there several times. I usually go back up in the Salmon River country and around McCall.

I knew Dr. Numbers well, as his family lived just a few doors from us at Weiser when Donald was a boy. His father was also a doctor and considered one of the best in the country.

I am pretty sure that my father knew John Routson, as Dad did quite a bit of prospecting, worked in the mines, lumber camps and freighted into Warren for some time when the mines were operating.—C. J. Rhea, Rt. 2, Granbury, Texas 76048

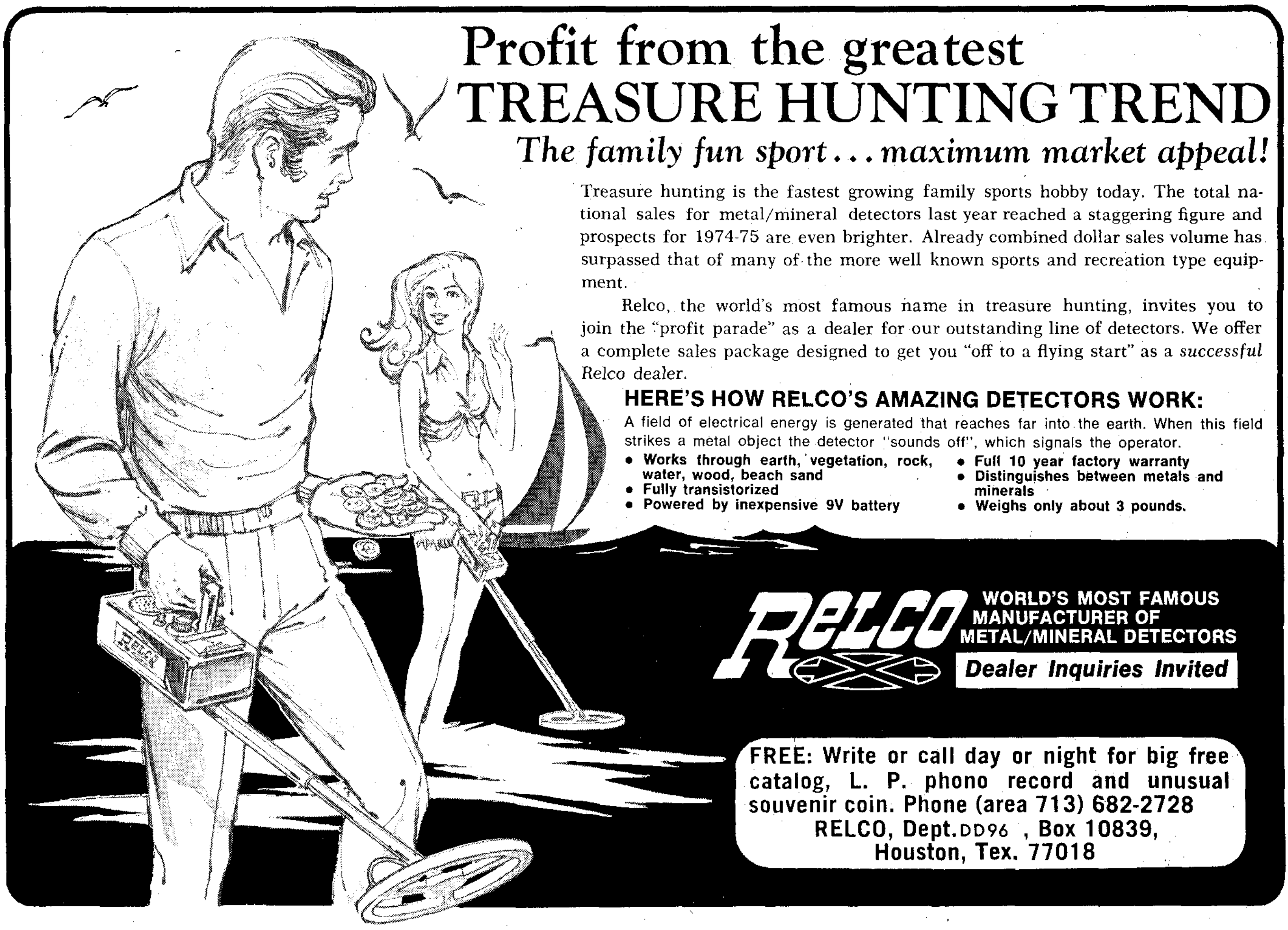
More on the Routsons

When I opened FRONTIER TIMES issue for November 1974 it was like taking a forty-three-years step back in time. "Unclaimed Silver on Bald Mountain" by Noel Routson is something I'm well acquainted with. I even made a few half-hearted searches for it myself.

Then, when OLD WEST (Winter, 1974) came along, I nearly flipped. In 1931 I took a job as firefighter for the Forest Service at a fire raging on Warren Summit. We were eventually sent on over to Big Creek Headquarters where I met John Routson, Sr. We were talking one day when he took his pocket knife out and started picking at a small, festered object in his arm. When he got it out, it was a small sliver of copper, and then he told me the story of the "three quick rifle shots"—the story you ran.

Johnny Routson, as we all called the older brother to identify him from his dad, sharpened steel at the Snow Shoe Mine about twenty miles downstream from Big Creek Ranger Station, and when he left to take his son out to Boise to a hospital, I took over his job as blacksmith at the mine.

Harvey Bowman was Fire Warden at the Big Creek Station that summer, and one evening he and his wife took a walk out through the woods. Of course they took a rifle which was just about as



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Houston, Tex. 77018

much a part of every person's attire as a pair of shoes. On the way back and about 100 yards from camp, a big buck deer stepped out in front of Bowman's wife and she just naturally shot it right between the eyes. I never did know what became of the buck.

Another time two young men came into that part of the country from the Middle West. They knew very little about felling timber in the steep hills of Idaho, but they tried. When the tree started falling, one of them ran downhill right in its path. Well, when the tree hit the ground it started sliding downhill and caught him and tore one leg off. The leg was just hanging by the cords. They took him to the Werdenhoff cabin and called Dr. Numbers over the forest phone. I think the conversation had to be relayed in those times. It was storming so bad they could not get a plane in there to take the injured man out. On the second day the torn edges of the wound started to turn green and the doctor told them they would have to cut the leg off and trim the torn edges as best they could.

On the morning of the third day the snow was still coming down, and the poor guy took one look at it out the window, then turned back and died. Blackie Wallace drove his dog team about sixty miles to pick the man up when the accident happened. He had just come in with the mail from Haley and then went right into action to try to rescue the man, but it couldn't be done.

I think Noel short-changed the depth of snow in that country because I crossed the Sesash and at the top was a twenty-four foot snow board and there was only two feet of it showing. This was the 10th of April, 1930.

There must be a thousand little incidents about the Routson family that would make good reading. Harvey Bowman had a dog that, I really believe, could understand the human language. All the things I saw him do would make a complete story of its own.

I have been reading your magazines since 1967 and enjoy most of the items real well. I'm a nut for lost mine treasure stories. I never go looking but sure like to read and dream. I have most of the magazines stashed away and like to go back and reread them now that I've hung up my gloves and ride the range in my rocking chair.—Golden E. Sorensen, 6720 Calista St., Orangevale, California 95662

Old West Winters

I just gave a gander at the date of this issue of OLD WEST. It said Winter, 1974. Holy cracker-doodle whacker! That was my old dad's pet swear word. Don't you know better than to mention right out in public a nasty word like "winter."

Good Jehoshaphat! If you had ridden for horses and cattle when the thermometer read zero and you began thinking about green peas and new potatoes for dinner, you might know what I mean. Yeah, I've done it at twenty to thirty belows and I've also seen the little red mark on the thermometer drop forty degrees in fifteen or twenty minutes. You could actually see it hiking down from perhaps twenty above to twenty below.

You wonder how I know these things? Well, I happen to be the tail end of the Old West, where you could ride from here to there and never see a nasty thing such as a fence. I happen to also have been on the last roundup—perhaps twenty, thirty punchers. Mostly 79 riders, but some valley nesters too.

Incidentally, C. M. Russell and I were only a stone's throw apart. He was some older, but could have been an older brother.—Jack Loffer, P. O. Box 215, Hydesville, California 95547

The Shooting in Central City

Your magazine, OLD WEST, Winter, 1974 contains the true story of the murder of my father, Richard Broad Williams, in Central City, Colorado on April 19, 1896. It is the first and only true account of that tragic event. I learned of your story from a news item in the *Register Call*, the Central City newspaper to which I subscribe.

I was only five years old, but I very distinctly remember the men bringing

(Continued on page 64)

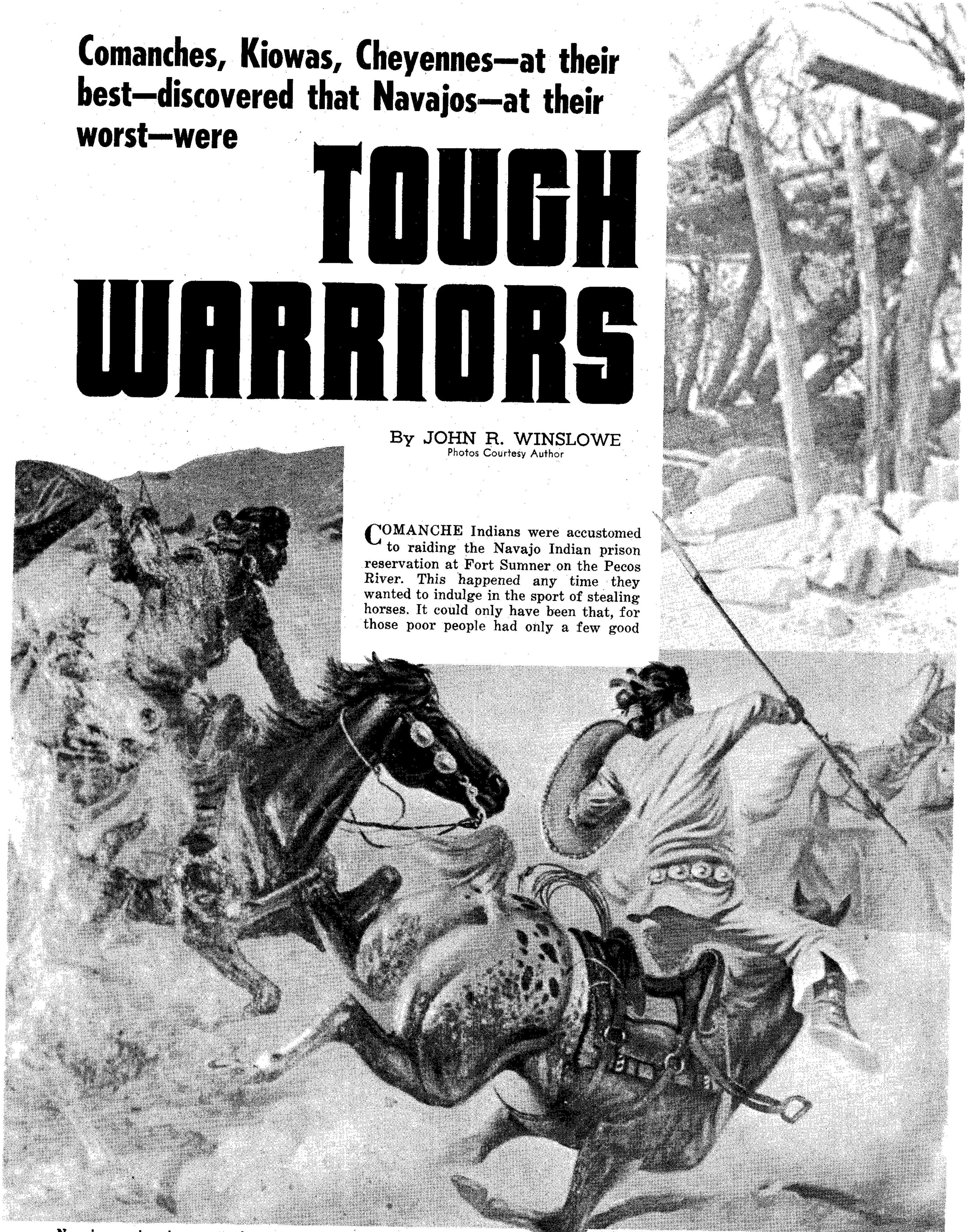
Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes—at their best—discovered that Navajos—at their worst—were

TOUGH WARRIORS

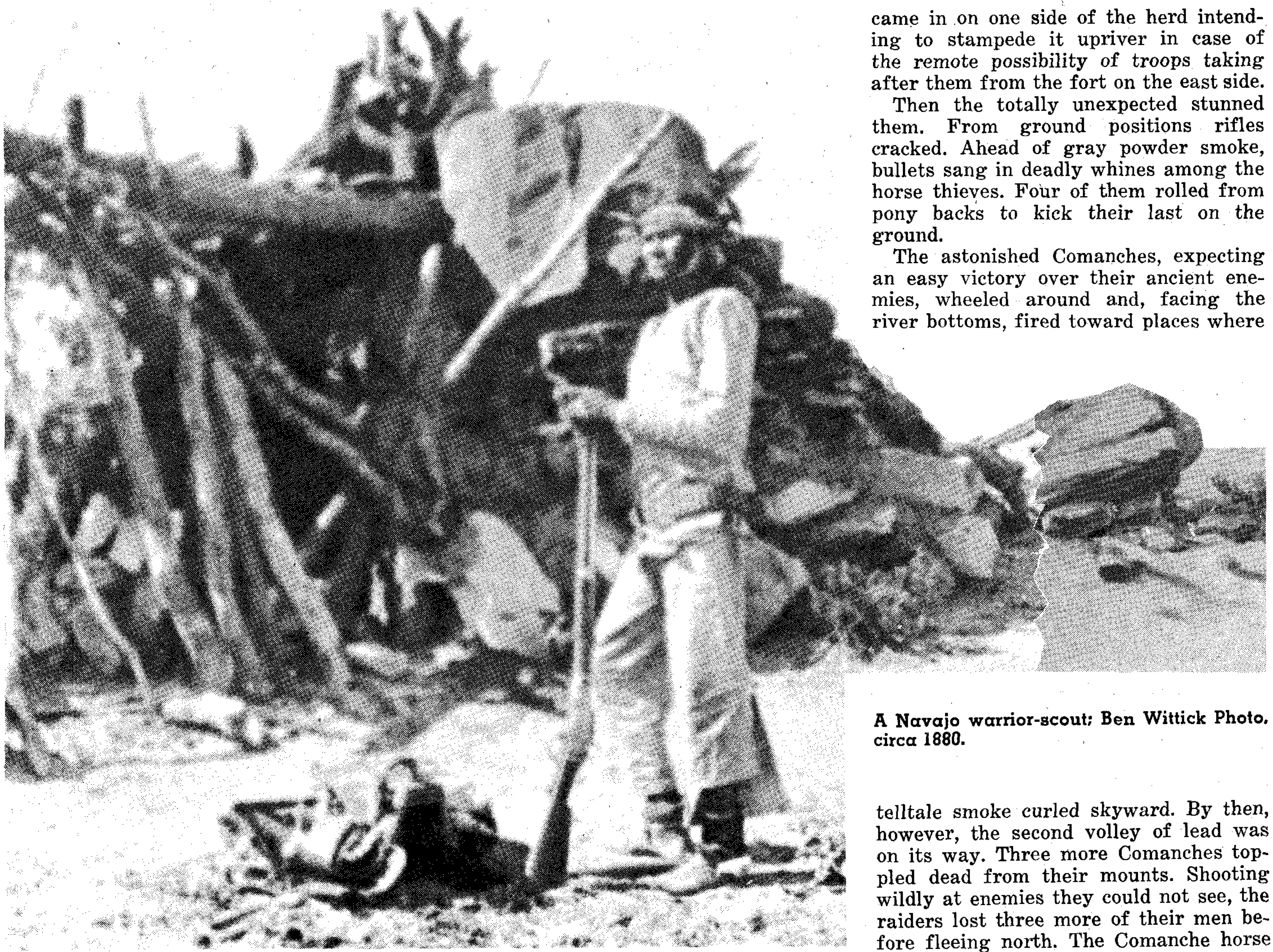
By JOHN R. WINSLOWE

Photos Courtesy Author

COMANCHE Indians were accustomed to raiding the Navajo Indian prison reservation at Fort Sumner on the Pecos River. This happened any time they wanted to indulge in the sport of stealing horses. It could only have been that, for those poor people had only a few good



Navajo warriors in an attack, a mural by J. W. Hampton.



A Navajo warrior-scout; Ben Wittick Photo, circa 1880.

ones. Then came the raid when the Comanches got the surprise of their lives—some of them for good.

As the raiders poured out from cover of the rolling hills onto the river only a half dozen Navajos could be seen near the small horse herd. There had been guards before, armed only with clubs and sharp pointed poles which could do nothing to repel rifle-carrying thieves. Usually the guards disappeared into convenient cover to save themselves.

As on previous occasions when Comanches swooped down on the horse herd, the Navajos dropped to the ground out of sight. Whooping, the Comanches came in on one side of the herd intending to stampede it upriver in case of the remote possibility of troops taking after them from the fort on the east side.

Then the totally unexpected stunned them. From ground positions rifles cracked. Ahead of gray powder smoke, bullets sang in deadly whines among the horse thieves. Four of them rolled from pony backs to kick their last on the ground.

The astonished Comanches, expecting an easy victory over their ancient enemies, wheeled around and, facing the river bottoms, fired toward places where telltale smoke curled skyward. By then, however, the second volley of lead was on its way. Three more Comanches toppled dead from their mounts. Shooting wildly at enemies they could not see, the raiders lost three more of their men before fleeing north. The Comanche horse thieves, the most noted on the Great Plains, disappeared into rolling country on the run.

A Navajo caught a horse and rode to the fort, reporting the brief skirmish. Soon a cavalry patrol arrived, looked the scene over, and buried the bodies. Maybe now the inroads of other Indians preying on the half-starved Navajo prisoners of war would cease.

Navajo prisoners of war at Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

National Archives Photo

THE CHANGE in Navajo status had been won the hard way before they were given firearms. Rounded up by Kit Carson and the U.S. Army in 1863-1864, eight thousand Navajos had been brought to the prison reservation. The prison reservation extended from the east side of the Pecos River to the Texas border. They had lost almost all their stock and food supplies. Their weapons had been taken from them. After being disarmed they had been allowed to bring only a few sheep to eat. The few horses they had were permitted for women and children and the old ones to ride. Most of the way from their western homeland had been made on foot. This trek became known to them as "The Long Walk." On this trail across New Mexico to Fort Sumner many of them died.

Not only other Indians but all New Mexicans found it easy to pounce on the Navajos, stealing scrub livestock and whatever few miserable possessions they still owned. The tribesmen were actually starving, the rations promised them being largely diverted by crooked whites.

In 1864 about fifty Navajo fighting men were taken into the Army as scouts. The tribesmen were most proficient in this work. Only on actual campaigns against hostile Indians were they allowed firearms, and these were invariably almost useless single-shot rifles.

In a fight lasting two days, the Navajo scouts whipped an overwhelming band of Mescalero Apaches being pursued by cavalry. So well and stubbornly did they battle their ancient enemy that Fort Sumner's commanding officer, Major D. H. Wallen, decided the scouts were trustworthy when their word was given. He issued them better rifles and ammunition. In addition, those separated into twelve encampments on the barren lands of the river were allowed to manufacture bows and arrows for their protection against raiders.

At the prison reservation the Navajos were extremely vulnerable. Their enemies slipped in during the darkest nights, stealing young girls and sometimes boys to sell to Mexicans in the larger towns as slaves. Even their sparse rations were taken from them by roving bands of thieves. These depredations, which they could not end, sorely troubled the once proud and independent people. Many were the pleas to the fort commander to be allowed weapons to defend themselves.

Soldiers at the mud-walled fort were not sufficient to beat off the sneak attacks. The Navajos had to take care of themselves and for several years they tried to do so with their bare hands. Despite all the promises and rules set up by the Army it could not attend to the prisoners' welfare.

There were intermittent raids by others, following the Comanches' fateful one. Those perpetrators came to sudden grief. Since the scouts could drive them off before any damage was done, the scouts were given more privileges. They could keep saddled horses ready to repel raiders. The change for the better made all the difference in the world to the people dying slowly from starvation and grief over the loss of their ancient homeland.

This was their status and the situation in July 1867, when a combined force of 150 Comanches and Kiowas decided on a big raid. They would clean the prison reservation out of every horse the Navajos owned, not leaving even the poorest behind. Sneaking close undetected, they surveyed the area at length before striking.

They knew that the Navajos were weak from hunger and slowly recovering from the ravages of smallpox that had killed hundreds. That some of them now had rifles made no difference; the raiders expected to encounter little trouble.

They would run the horses far into hiding before pursuit by the Army could be launched. But this was not expected anyway. The few troops stationed at Fort Sumner, supposedly protecting the prisoners, were never known to bestir themselves in time to do any good.

UNKNOWN to the raiders, a Navajo scout discovered many fresh horse tracks early on the morning the raid was scheduled to break. He also discovered part of the Comanche and Kiowa band hiding on the west side of the river in a pocket waiting the signal to race out.

Retreating, the scout managed to gather fifteen warriors. They immediately rode forth, concealing their mounts on the east side of the wide river bed. Moving upstream they hid near the largest band of grazing loose horses, between the river and the fort.

Rather than come straight in, the raiders went downstream about three miles. They then moved north in a run, picking up and driving loose horses toward the larger bunch. Many families

Above, Quanah Parker's Quadaha Comanches launched the raid into the Navajo prison reservation. Below, Navajo prisoners at Fort Sumner.

Lone Wolf. Some of his Kiowas helped the Comanches on their horse-stealing raid.

U.S. Signal Corps Photo

watched them rushing past their hovels in a thunder of hoofs, but there was nothing they could do to deter them, being helpless with hunger, disease, and lack of weapons.

Approaching the larger band of horses the raiders stampeded those being driven, straight into the herd. The entire bunch took off, running north. This maneuver caught the Navajo scouts flat-footed. Unprepared for such strategy, they could only open rifle fire at long range. Yet eight raiders were knocked dead out of their saddles as they flashed by.

Sprinting to their mounts, the Navajos leaped into their saddles. Then led by a chief scout, Hosteen Red Goat (Tli'zi Lichii), they streaked after the raiders who were then barely in sight on the distant horizon.

As the pursuers began closing the gap the poorest and slowest of the stolen horses were dropped out of the main bunch. This expedited the raiders' getaway. Finally they had only thirty-eight head left. The surprised Comanches and Kiowas were riding their fastest ponies. That they could be overtaken by the scouts seemed impossible.

National Archives Photo

So few were the ragged Navajos after them that the sight must have amused the raiders no end. Even if the Navajos managed to catch up, what could they do? The raiders feared only that the soldiers might join in the pursuit if enough time were allowed. For this reason they did not turn on the scouts and wipe them out as a nuisance hanging on their back trail.

Once more in their experience with the Navajos, the Comanches and Kiowas had underestimated that tribe's ability and tenacity. A Navajo warrior was tough and hard. In a just cause, believed in to the fullest, he would attack against any odds. He would fight to the last gasp of breath and ounce of blood.

This was true with Red Goat and his warrior-scouts. They would never turn back. But as their cold-jawed horses tired, the raiders increased their lead for the next two hours. Pursuit was continued only by following the dust kicked up by running horses. Finally even that vanished.

The scouts did not push their lesser mounts fast too much, knowing they would be killed off entirely. Pursuit and recovery of the stolen stock might take some time, but it could be done. Indeed, if the worst happened, they would finish the chase on foot.

Near nightfall the raiders and horses were spotted one more time. With grass-fed ponies, hence no bottom for an extended race, the Comanches and Kiowas had been forced to slow down. The stolen stock had also given out.

HALTING after night closed over northeastern New Mexico, the Navajos rested until nearly midnight. They had no food along. Then venturing forth on the course the raiders were last seen, they moved slowly, at times walking in order to conserve the strength of their mounts.

Sharp eyes scrutinized the landscape in every direction, seeking some sign of the raiders' camp. They would have stopped after dark, even if only for a breathing spell. As much distance as they had covered they might imagine themselves safe, without need to hurry.

No firelight disclosed their camp, but the odor of burning wood was detected in the clear, crisp air. Following the scent carefully the Navajos soon located the raiders' position. They moved warily over the low ground. Two scouts advanced, leading their horses.

When the camp came into view in a wide arroyo it was already being abandoned. Raiders were moving out, the stolen horses driven at a walk. If they could drive eastward through the night they would be on the Great Plains after sunrise.

Considering the matter briefly, determined not to let them get away, Red Goat deployed his warriors. A mile or more south of the raiders he led eastward. His strategy was to get ahead and wait in ambush. When he reasoned they were far enough from the slow-moving horse herd to turn back, he and the rest of the scouts entered a small copse of timber.

Red Goat had correctly guessed the course the raiders would follow. In less than a white man's hour horses appeared to the west. They were followed by riders at a walk. A brilliant moon hung overhead, starkly outlining riders and horses.

As the raiders came abreast, the scouts aimed carefully and opened fire. Horses were killed along with riders. After the second round, the Navajos charged out part-way and their closer aim created havoc among the Comanches and Kiowas.

The Comanches were from Quanah Parker's band and the Kiowas part of Lone Wolf's famed marauders. They were considered invincible by some, which made the daring pursuit by the Navajos even more remarkable.

Overcoming what must have been paralysis from sheer astonishment, the raiders turned on the scouts who had retreated inside the timber. They charged in a half circle, keeping up a steady crash of gunfire, but when they got inside the brush cover, no Navajos were there. They had gone on through to hide in a distant wash.

For some time the Comanches and Kiowas circled around, trying to pick them up again. The raiders were furious that so few Navajos could attack them at will and escape annihilation at their hands.

MEANWHILE, the Navajos had moved up the wash and, keeping at a steady pace over low ground, moved west, waited again, and then returned to the scene of the skirmish. No dead enemies remained there. They had been removed, likely packed away to be buried in some secret place.

The Navajos hurriedly skinned out the hindquarters of some dead horses. Two scouts were sent to high ground as guards. Small fires were kindled in the timber to roast the meat. The scouts ate ravenously, having had no food since pursuit of the raiders began.

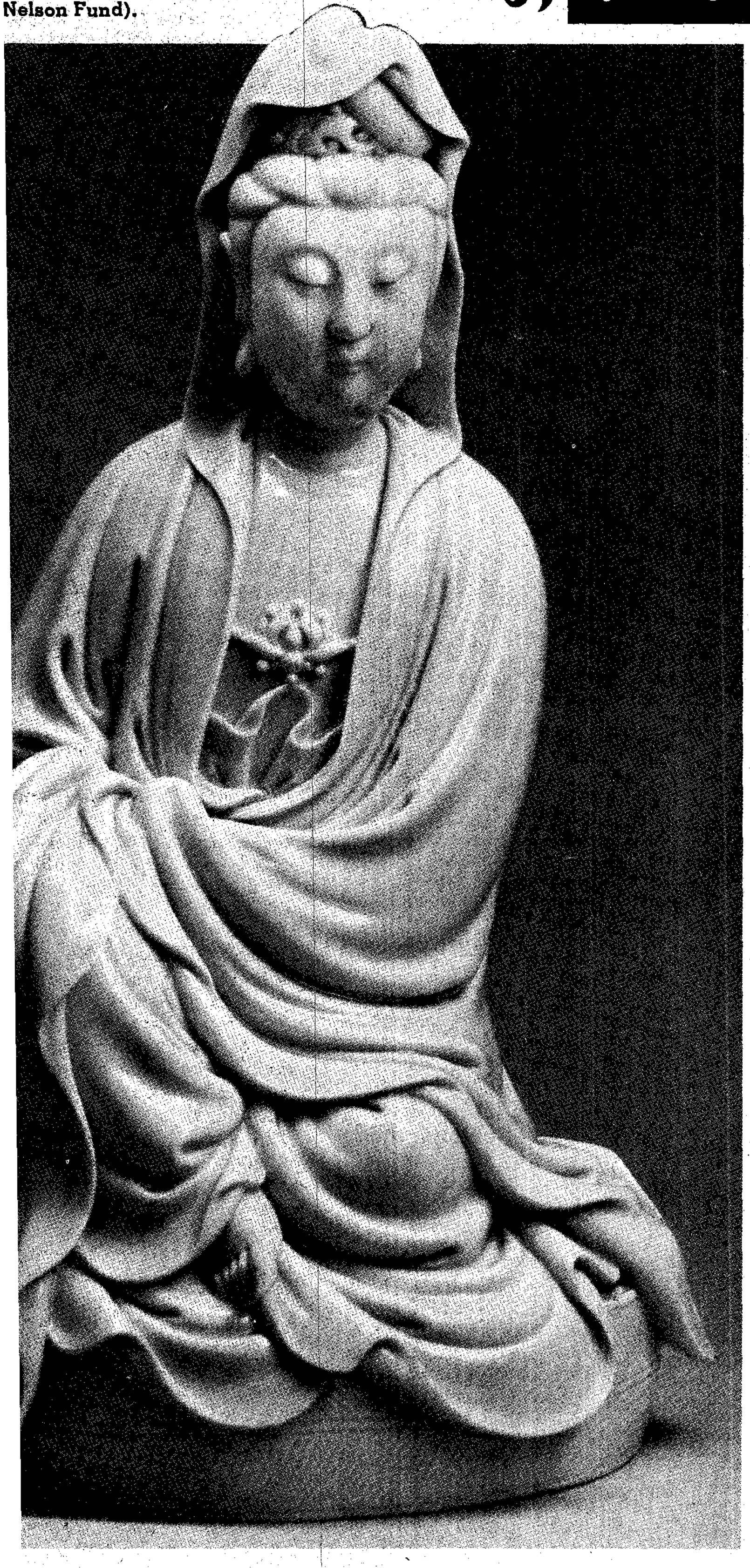
When all had filled themselves, what was left from the feast was packed on individual saddles, and the chase was resumed. No sign of the enemy could be detected in the bright night, however, not even rising dust. After making considerable distance, Red Goat halted his warriors lest they get too far off the trail. The horses were hobbled on grass to eat their fill while the Navajos slept.

(Continued on page 52)

fish in Drake's Bay would be fat cats, rolling in seaweed, if
could swap their Ming collection to us poor fish on shore!

A Fortune In Chinese Porcelain

ure, Kwan Yin
Ming), 1368-1644
Nelson Gallery—
useum, Kansas City,
Nelson Fund).



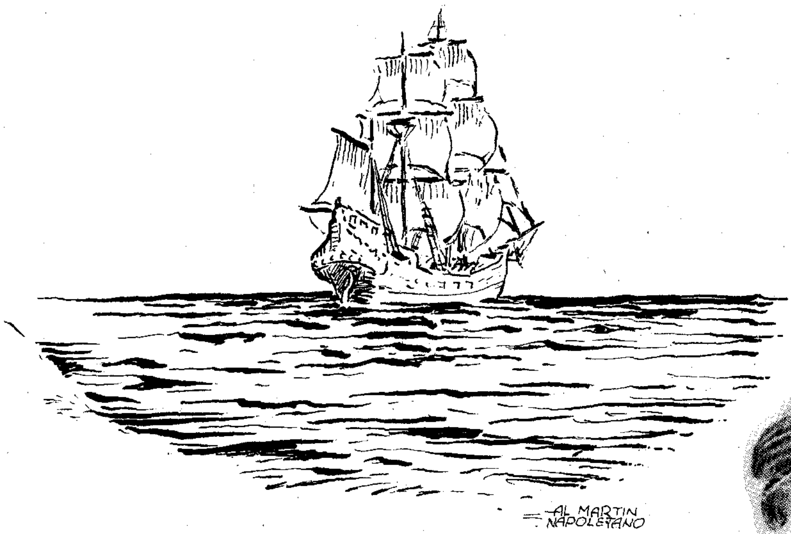
By PAUL ARTHUR LUNDGREN

Photos from **Collector's Guide to Antique Porcelain**, by Gordon A. Rust (Viking Press, November 5, 1973).

IN THE high-priced hobby of collecting rare ancient ceramics, Chinese porcelains have for decades claimed the highest dollar and pounds sterling figures in New York's Parke-Bernet and Sotheby of London auctions. These are the aristocrats of the auction business.

And among the dealers, Gump's, with headquarters in San Francisco, has dealt in the rarest and finest treasures of Oriental art since before the earthquake of 1906. For four hundred years and within forty miles of world-famous Gump's fourth generation business are sunken stockpiles that the company would probably be delighted to buy—that is, if they could be found.

Rumors persist from Singapore, Macao, and British Hong Kong that the Chinese Communists are faking some of the ancient Chinese art in wholesale quantities, even including just enough dirt to fool the unsuspecting. Thus, many of the dealers in Oriental art, and the authoritative art personnel such a business puts together only through generations of familiarity, are looking in other art areas for merchandise; they have to keep their shelves stocked and pay overhead. For the present, the stern economic law of supply and demand takes hold—the available and genuine objets d'art become more costly.



"Nanking" Glacier from Dinner Service. Chinese export, c. 1800-1830. Decoration: Blue Chinese landscape, floral borders, gilt band, rim (Courtesy the Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum, Winterthur, Delaware).

SINCE our sunken treasure is of Chinese origin, perhaps the sly, vagrant smile of the Chinese Goddess of Luck, Kwan Yin, can bestow a lucky year on an American treasure hunter, although in the ancient traditions of old China the Goddess only smiles upon a select few on the Chinese New Year.

Just a few miles north of Gump's in San Francisco lies that rather lonely place called Drake's Bay. The bay is a favorite of San Francisco weekend-sailors, being well protected from the raging seas the Pacific can throw at amateurs.

Records prove the Manila galleon *San Augustin* sank slowly to the bottom of this bay after one of the most grueling voyages in recorded maritime history. Its cargo—a new European fashion craze—was delicate and beautifully glazed Chinese porcelain in the form of bowls, vases, urns and expensive sculptured figures. We know from the date it would definitely be early Ming Dynasty, possibly even before Ming, and if it could be brought to the surface would command some stiff prices.

With the porcelain was a large quantity of beeswax, a much sought commodity in the 16th century for such diverse uses as ship building, leather work, and in the fine Spanish lace of the period. Early residents of Drake's Bay reported large piles of a brownish, glass-like substance washed upon the beaches, for the salt water had hardened it to almost the consistency of a tough plastic.

The Pacific Ocean had been for fifty years a Spanish lake, similar to the Roman control of the Mediterranean at Rome's height of power. Only when English freebooters passed into the Pacific had they any real idea of that ocean's enormity. Spain dominated trade at ports such as Macao and Canton through their most important base in the Pacific, Manila.

Each year this Spanish colony launched one great ship, an enormous capital ship they referred to as "The Manila Galleon." These cumbersome, three-masted, square-rigged ships with high bow and stern had only one maritime virtue, cargo tonnage.

The *San Augustin* was the typical annual, go-for-broke merchant ship of Spain's Philippine colony. Before she sailed there was the usual week of fiesta, riotous and hopeful celebration, ending with the flower-bedecked and unwieldy vessel sailing slowly out of Manila Bay.

The sailors were pleased with their pilot, Sebastian Rodriguez Cermenho, an experienced Pacific pilot even though he was a Portuguese citizen. Just as a pilot of a Mississippi steamboat was top-dog on the river, and the captain a sort of door-opener and hand-shaker, anyone who knew the Pacific Ocean belonged to a kind of seafaring elite so strong that it made mockery of the authority of mere ship captains.

This mysterious Great Circle route carried the ship in an enormous arc, northward of Guam, hundreds of miles north of the Hawaiian Islands, then directly down to the northern coast of California. Within sight of California the *San Augustin* could, theoretically, follow the coast down to the first landing at Acapulco, Mexico.

What is now a thriving tourist pleasure spot along the balmy west coast of Mexico was, in the 16th and 17th centuries, the first port of call for the exhausted, scurvy-ridden, utterly debilitated passengers and crew who had made the six- to nine-months voyage. No sailor ever went down a gangplank more enthusiastically than those aboard Manila Galleons.

Unfortunately the *San Augustin,* while still northwest of Guam, was struck by a ferocious typhoon. It lasted for days. Only because of the quaint construction of the galleon was it able to bob its way, bereft of many sails and rigging, but half the passengers and crew washed overboard.

With the power of the storm to the stern the ship slowly traveled toward its destination, in a freakish path. A watery doom for those aboard seemed only moments away. The crew and passengers huddled inside the great sea-lashed hulk. Frantically they took turns bailing around the clock to keep the vessel afloat, but float she did.

The freak storm blew the ship for hundreds of miles before finally diminishing almost at the California coast. With scurvy rampant and weariness plumbed to its very depth, the crew sighted land a few miles north of Drake's Bay, known even then as a storm refuge to Pacific pilots.

Cermenho rallied his men for the last effort, then looked at the leaden sky. Aghast at such unbelievably bad luck, he recognized the unmistakable weather signs of another Pacific squall forming, only this time from the south.

SPANISH pilots usually worked on a profit percentage of the cargo and, not being a man to give up, Cermenho managed to navigate the treacherous rocks of the bay entrance and turn toward the protective high white cliffs which rimmed it.

He wisely decided to make a run for the beach before the squall struck, since beaching was the only way out for saving their lives and their precious cargo. But the *San Augustin* could take no more. The new storm hit them a few hundred yards from the beach and the ship gave up the ghost. She sank straight down, masts out of water.

Those few who made it ashore waited out this latest duel with the elements, thankful to be able to put their feet on

(Continued on page 45)

Lewis Brooks

There were three strangers in town—so different from other men on the street that it was like they gave off a signal: "Outlaw! Outlaw! Outlaw!"

IOWA'S TERRIBLE GUN BATTLE

Albert Phillips, the most mysterious of the criminals.

By DON BUCHAN

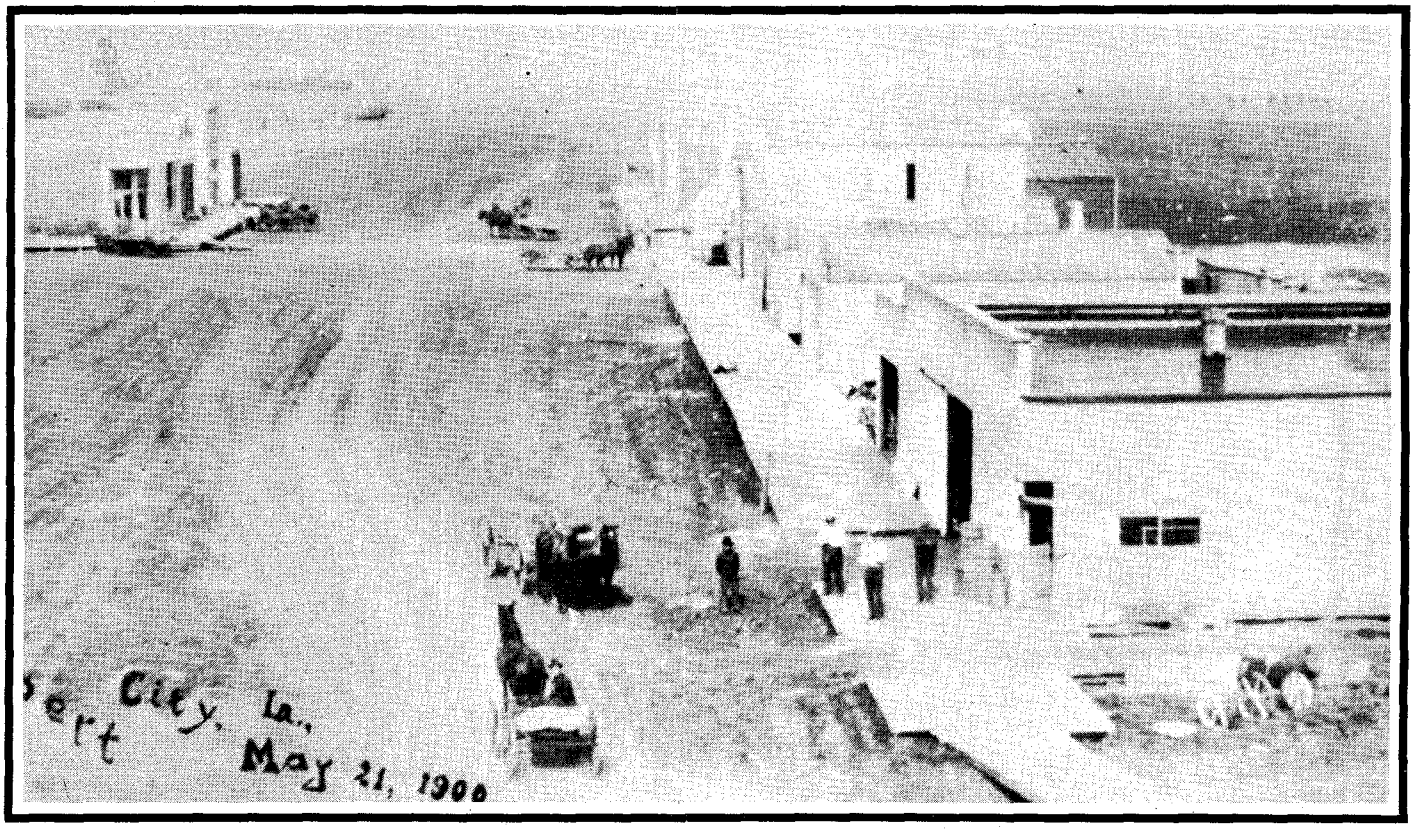
Photos Courtesy Author

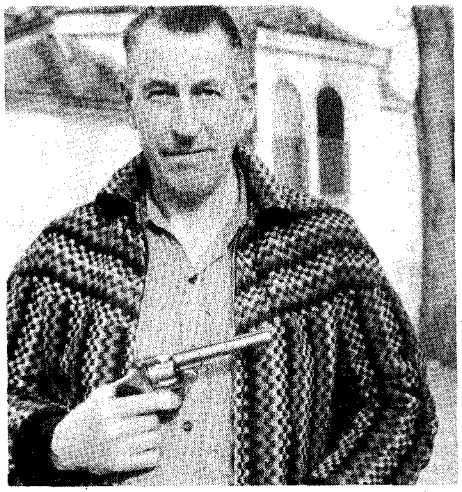
MR. NICHOLS, proprietor of Nick's Cafe in Spencer, Iowa, watched the three diners with apprehension. Too well dressed to be tramps, they were obviously not corn pickers because each had ordered an oyster stew and six eggs. Itinerant corn pickers did not order so lavishly.

Each time Mr. Nichols approached their table, they ceased their conversation and when they did talk to each other, it was in hushed tones.

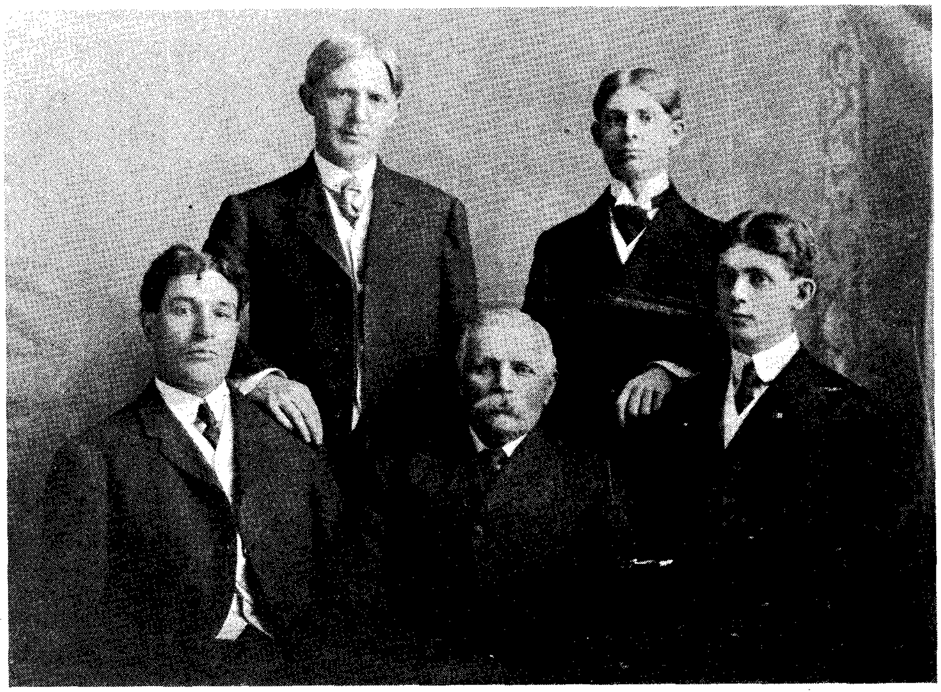
It was Friday, November 15, 1901. The

Below, Albert City, Iowa.





Above, Paul Swaim, special officer at Webb, Iowa, holds the Smith & Wesson .38 caliber New Departure revolver that Albert Phillips surrendered to Marshal Asa Snyder. At right, these Albert City men were present when the two surviving bank robbers were captured. Mrs. Jack Hitchcock, a long-time resident of Albert City, identified them as follows: (Left to right in back row) O. C. Johnson, Carl Gulbranson. (Front row) Wm. B. Gilliam, Mr. Thorson, and Alfred Gulbranson.



Younger brothers had been released after serving twenty-five years in the Minnesota penitentiary for the aborted robbery of the Northfield bank. Only a month had passed since Jim Younger had shot himself to death. Newspapers had re-hashed the careers of the Frank and Jesse James gang of outlaws and it was fresh in the mind of Mr. Nichols. A sixth sense alerted him.

When the three had gone, he telephoned the mayor and the town's bankers, stating a sharp lookout should be kept and the three strangers be put under surveillance. But by that time the three had faded away into the dusk.

Nichols was not a prophet. He couldn't have known that the eldest of the trio—the one with the moustache—would soon lie in an unmarked and nameless grave in the Albert City cemetery. He couldn't have known that the other white man was a truculent yeggman who would chew gum when sentenced to die. He couldn't have known that the third member of the trio, a mulatto, spoke five languages and was a poet of rare ability as well as bank robber, gunman and killer. But Nichols had a feeling the three were dangerous men.

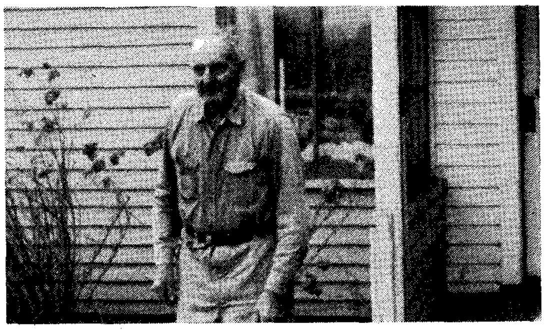
ON Saturday, November 16, word spread on the single telephone line that the bank at Greenville, a branch of a Sioux Rapids financial institution, had been robbed of $1,500. The burglars had taken tools from the section house, and a lamp from the depot. They had blown the vault with high explosives and blasted the safe. They had escaped on Frank Sherman's handcar but, in cutting the chain which fastened it, they had weakened the frame so that it was wrecked two miles south of Greenville, nine miles south of Spencer.

Nichols gave officers detailed descriptions of the three strangers and "central" relayed the information by a general ring on all telephone lines.

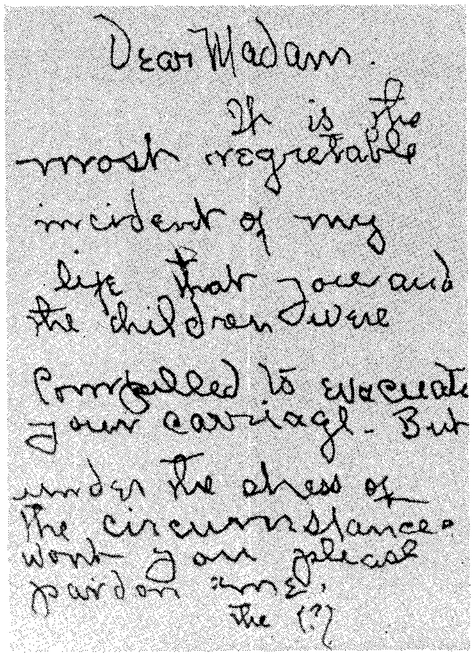
Word came that the three suspects had sought breakfast at the J. C. Abney farm near Webb. Marshal Asa (Ace) Snyder of Sioux Rapids hitched up a fast team and with Charles F. Ford beside him, started south after telling Mr. Murdock to notify the marshals at

(Continued on page 58)

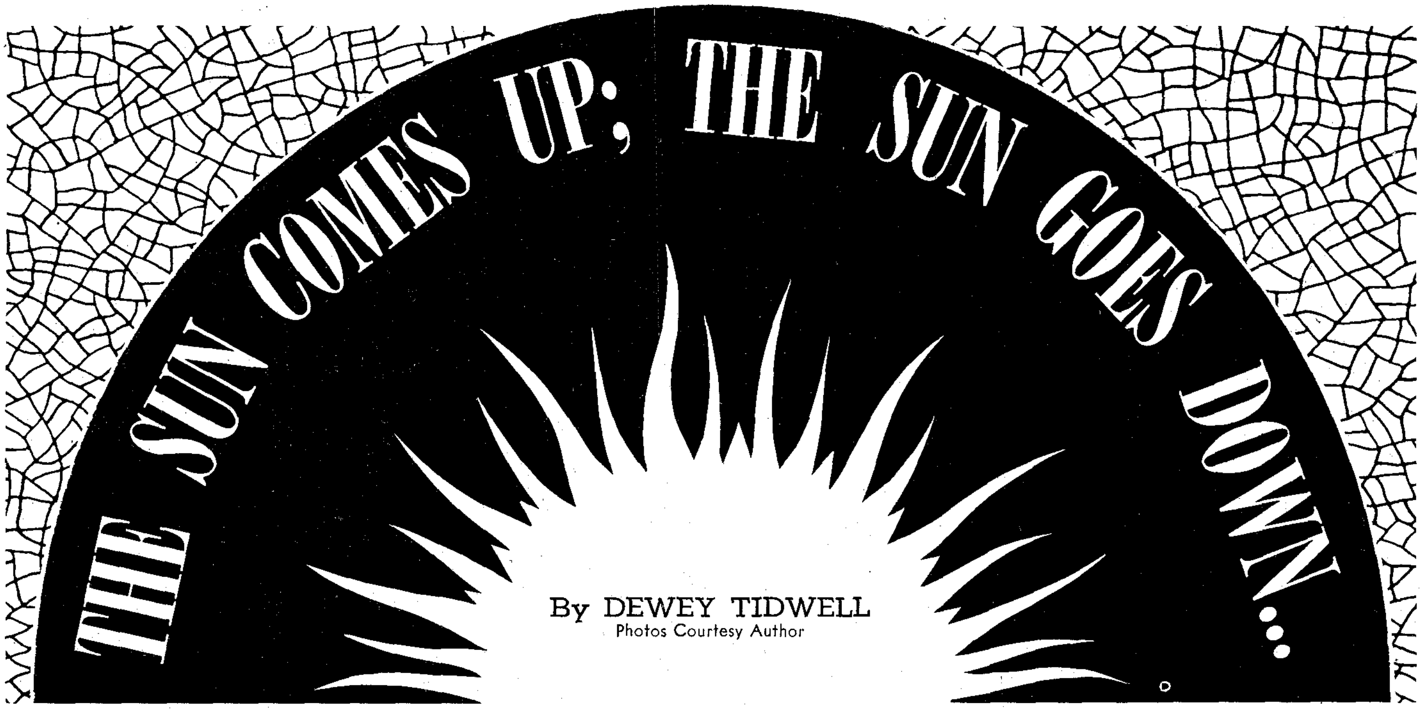
Below, posse member Mike Conlin. It was he who downed the first of the outlaw trio, and, after considerable effort, succeeded in capturing the remaining two men with an empty rifle.



Above, the late Antone "Tony" Johnson at the age of 86. He was standing by the side of the road as the fugitives tore past in his neighbor's rig. Below, with the posse in hot pursuit and bullets whizzing past his ears, Albert Phillips took time to pen this note of apology and hide it, along with $11, under the seat of the buggy the two men had commandeered.



Dear Madam.
It is the
most regretable
incident of my
life that you and
the children were
compelled to evacuate
your carriage. But
under the stress of
the circumstance.
wont you please
pardon me.
The (?)



THE SUN COMES UP; THE SUN GOES DOWN...

By DEWEY TIDWELL
Photos Courtesy Author

That's usually all a little Western town could count on. Anything else that happened had to be thought up by the natives...

ON THAT April day when I drove my old Chevy car down Tierra Amarilla Hill over a rutted road toward Chama, New Mexico, I gazed with awe at the blue smoky Colorado Rockies towering to the north of the little frontier town. They seemed so far away and yet so near that distance did not have any meaning. And majestic Brazos Peak to my right about fifteen miles in the distance loomed like a sentinel in the cumulus cloud-dotted blue sky. Spring was making a desperate effort to break through in that high mountain country, with a few growing things showing life although snow lay in patches all around. The spectacle held me spellbound for it was my first view of the Colorado Rockies.

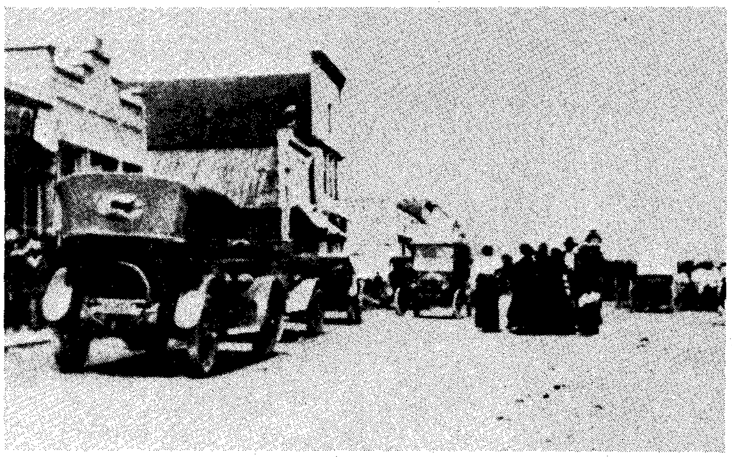
I was fresh from oil boom towns where I had been plying my trade as a "pill roller," and was on my way to Chama to go to work in Dr. Harry Huntington's drug store. Dr. Harry was a practicing dentist there and he had little time for running a business. As I drove into the small railroad and stock raising town nestled at the foot of Cumbres Pass at an altitude of 8,000 feet I beheld about a dozen stores fronting a dusty, rutted street that was both highway and main street with all the appearance of a true frontier town, which it actually was. The town was founded in the late 1870s when the Denver and Rio Grande Western narrow gauge was built through there from Alamosa, Colorado to Durango, Colorado, via a stretch of northern New Mexico. The atmosphere and appearance of the place had changed very little since then though it was a thriving little railroad junction and sheep and wool shipping center for the northern part of the state.

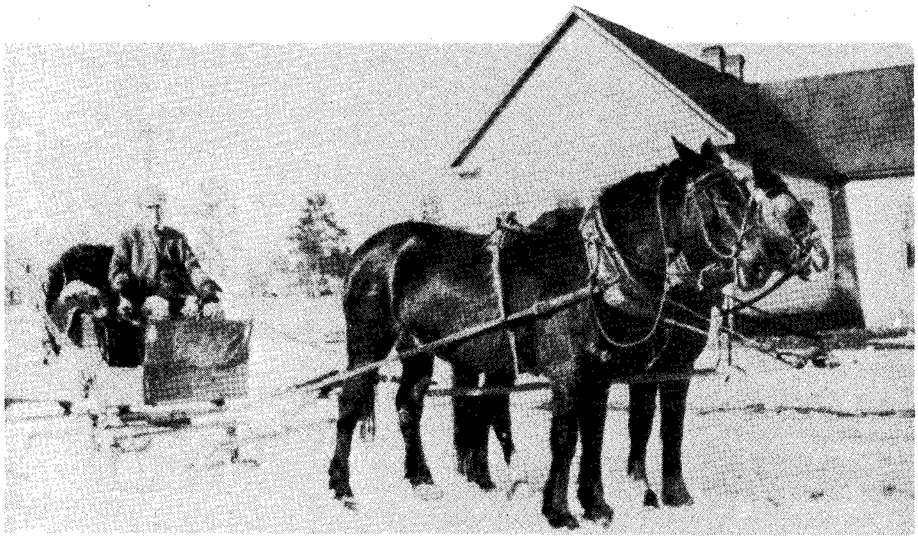
Cocky narrow-gauge railroad men, salty and tough, made up a portion of the population, with sheep men—both Anglos and Spanish-American—making up the balance. Being so far away from Santa Fe, the state capital, the people thereabouts lived pretty much to themselves and paid little attention to a governing body so remote. They made their own laws, so to speak, and if they felt any kinship to any other part of the country it was to Denver. The Denver *Post* paper was the "Bible" for the area and most of the inhabitants went to Denver via the narrow gauge when they went out of town.

Upon presenting my credentials to Dr.

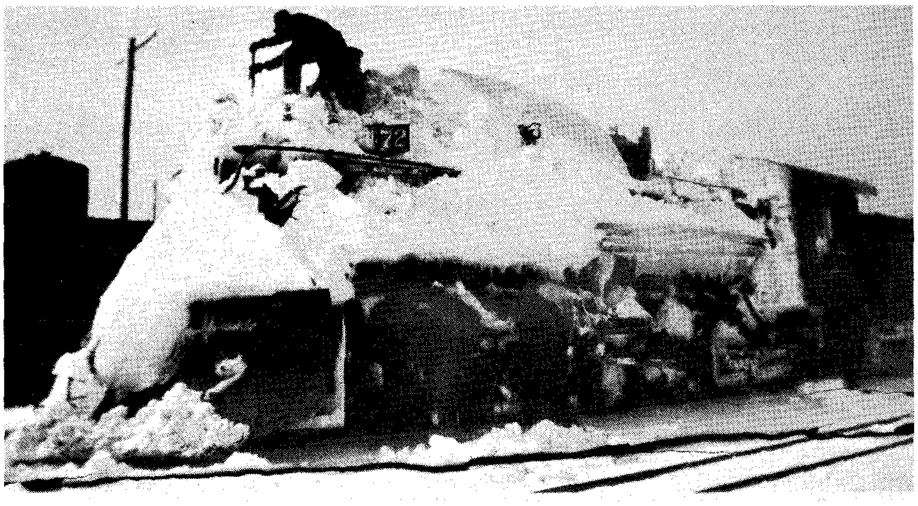
Below, the view from Tierra Amarilla Hill on the way to Chama, New Mexico. The road was not paved at the time of the story.

Below, Chama's main street about 1920. Dr. Huntington's drugstore is just opposite the car in the foreground. Mr. Evans' bank is just next door.





At left, Dr. Dunham and his sled team. This was the best way to travel in the Chama area when snows came.



Above, the D. & R. G. narrow gauge engine as it looked upon its arrival at Chama after having been stuck in deep snow atop Cumbres Pass.

Huntington at his office in the rear of the Chama Drug Store, I was impressed with the man who was to be my boss. He was a neat little fellow who wore glasses but whose eyes twinkled like sparkling water when he spoke. Although in every sense of the word a real frontier-town dentist, he never lost his sense of sophistication and bearing. He greeted me as a friend and not as a stranger, which was characteristic of the men of the Old West.

SHORTLY after my arrival in Chama, word got around that Doc Huntington had a new druggist and soon several of his close cronies began to put in their appearance which called for a little celebration, so Doc said. We gathered back in his dental office and Doc produced a fruit jar of what proved to be white lightning with atom-bomb magnitude. This he passed around as a gesture of cordiality. Among the cronies were Pat Kelly who owned one of the local general mercantile stores, the restaurant, the bar (the fact that Prohibition was in effect all across the nation made no difference), and the movie theater; Kenneth Barr, who was Ed Sargent's sheep and wool commission manager in the town; Mr. Evans, the local banker; Mr. Hubbard, who was a field man for Mr. Sargent; Julio Romero, who owned and operated a small grocery store; Dr. Dunham, the local medico; and a man from the Chama Mercantile whose name I have forgotten.

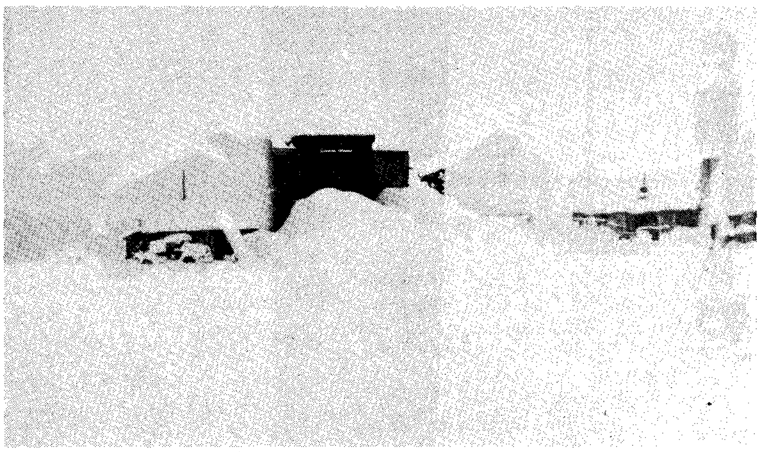
It was insisted that I take the first drink of the fiery stuff since I was the guest of honor, as it were. Boy! Was it hot! I believe it was every bit as strong as the proverbial rotgut booze, and I darned near strangled when it went down my gullet. The others took their swigs as though it were nothing more than water and remarked that it was good. My boss, being the last to partake, killed the contents of the fruit jar, thus concluding my introduction of his close friends. I was soon to learn that the men of Chama could hold their own with any group of hard-drinking men but never allowed it to interfere with their respective duties.

Being a bachelor I soon gave serious thought to getting married. After I had been in Chama about three months I took off and went to Santa Fe and married Lena Romero from Mountainair, New Mexico, who met me in Santa Fe for the ceremony. We settled down in the little town among a populace noted for clannishness and lack of haste in accepting newcomers. However, they accepted us right off, and we soon learned that we were among the most loyal friends a couple could have.

Dr. Dunham was a real character and a darn good country doctor. He hailed from the Great Smokies in Tennessee and had worked his way through medical school by selling the King James version of the Holy Bible (which did

Below, the Chama Post Office after a snow storm.

Below, drifts reached halfway up many buildings.



not necessarily mean he was a religious man). On the contrary, he did not lean towards any religious belief but he could quote the Bible word for word much to the chagrin of some of the zealots who tried now and then to argue religion with him.

Being a man of about fifty-five, and tall and lean, he could be picked out of any crowd by his other attributes. He always wore military-style whipcord trousers and a dress tan woolen shirt, and his feet were incased in high-top laced boots. His head was as bald as an eagle's. Most of the time his trousers had the appearance of being on the verge of slipping below his stomach, all of which gave him the appearance of a combination construction foreman and a plantation overseer. But that did not affect his medical ability and most of the kids of Chama under fifteen years were brought into this world by him. It was said he never lost an appendectomy case although he had no hospital to operate in. He usually laid the patient on the kitchen table and performed the surgery right then and there. But he did not like to write prescriptions—instead he always carried a bagful of pills and other medicines which he dispensed freely to his patients—and under the New Mexico pharmacy laws I could legally counter-prescribe in the drug store, which I did with some interesting and hilarious results. Dr. Dunham did not object to such practice on my part—he said it relieved him of having to treat certain cheapskates who were too tight to use his services.

DR. HUNTINGTON and several of his friends always met at Pat Kelly's bar just after Doc closed his dental office every afternoon at five o'clock, for a round of drinks and bull-slinging. Invariably Doc would sit on a swivel bar stool and drink until he fell off his perch, and some less inebriated person would take him home. That took place five days a week but Doc never missed opening his office promptly at nine o'clock Monday through Friday to take care of a big practice with all the pep of a highschool football player. And he was a darn good dentist. In fact, he was such a good dentist that many people came to Chama from Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Alamosa, and Durango for his services. He never sent any work to laboratories, such as for molding dental plates. Instead he did that work by hand and I never heard of one of his plates not fitting.

One evening Pat Kelly and Doc Huntington got into a friendly argument during their daily ritual at the bar. Both claimed to be expert pistol shots and to prove their point they agreed to go outside on Chama's one street and shoot at a target. Pat had a brilliant idea and he bet Doc that Doc could not hit a new sign that Pat just had hung in front of his bar. Doc Huntington accepted the bet and cocked an old hogleg pistol that someone had come up with and proceeded to shoot Pat's sign full of holes.

Feeling bolstered by his shooting accuracy Dr. Huntington then said to Pat, "I'll give you a chance to win back that $5 I just won from you. I'll bet you $5 that you can't hit my drug store sign hanging in front of my store."

Pat looked the sign over, which was 4x7 foot wooden one with bold letters painted on it, and let go with four shots right through the middle of it leaving a ragged area about eight inches in size on the big board. Both men then went back into the bar for some more drinks.

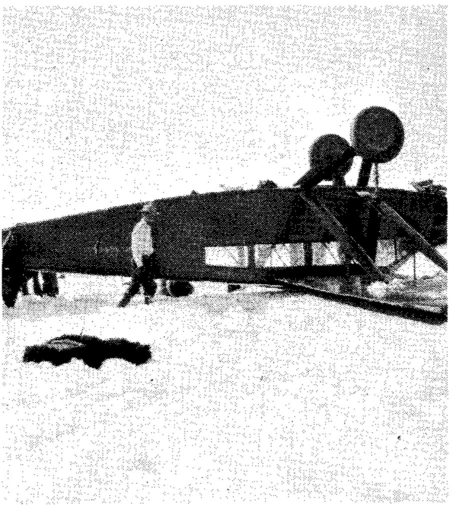
Chama had no lawman—not even a constable, deputy sheriff, or justice of the peace. The county seat was down at Tierra Amarilla about twelve miles away and the sheriff seldom ever came to Chama. He was a sort of political figurehead at the most and the Chama citizens said they could take care of their own affairs. Happy Apodaca, a member of the State Police, came to town about once a month—usually on Friday and stayed until Monday—to take care of any pressing law problems. That was fine except that Happy always met the gang at Pat's bar at the regular evening meeting time and proceeded to drink his share of corn liquor. Seldom did he find it necessary between Friday evening and Monday morning to take care of any police business, and he dutifully went back to headquarters in Santa Fe and reported that all was well and under control in Chama.

One Sunday about noon I was attracted to the street in front of the drug store where a disturbance was taking place. When I went to the front to find out what was going on, I saw three drunken cowpunchers advancing on one lone Spanish-American sheepherder who held a double-bladed axe in his upraised arms, ready for business. The cowpunchers, who were Anglos, would rush him and he would bring the axe into play, resulting in the three drunks falling back or rushing to the drug store entrance—which did not set well with me.

For a moment it looked like the ruckus would end in a stalemate with both sides going their respective ways, but just when the drunks thought the sheepherder's guard was down they rushed him again. That time he took the initiative and charged the three with upraised axe and they headed for the drug store entrance again. I beat them to the punch and slammed the door in their faces and locked it. That left them with no alternative except to run, which they did with the sheepherder on their tails. The last I saw of them, three bully boys were being chased by one sheepherder.

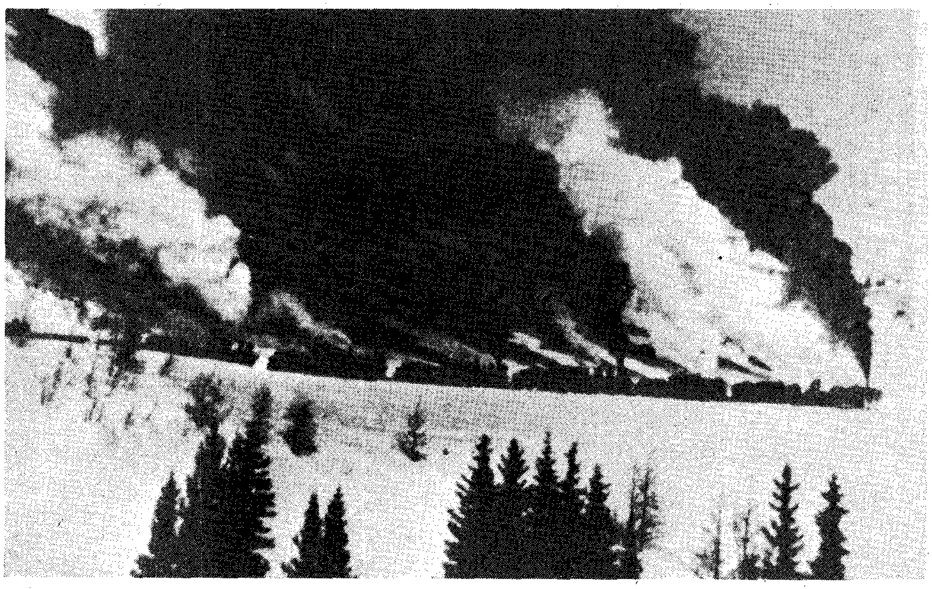
Lena and I closed the store for the balance of the day and went home and got out our fishing tackle, and went up on the Chama River for some good trout fishing.

CHAMA is bounded on all sides by good trout streams and when I lived there, tourists were just beginning to hear about the fine fishing in the area. Every summer more and more people came from near and far to fish. Some of them stopped at Phil Corkin's Lodge at the



This is the plane that flipped over on a landing attempt in a cow pasture near Chama.

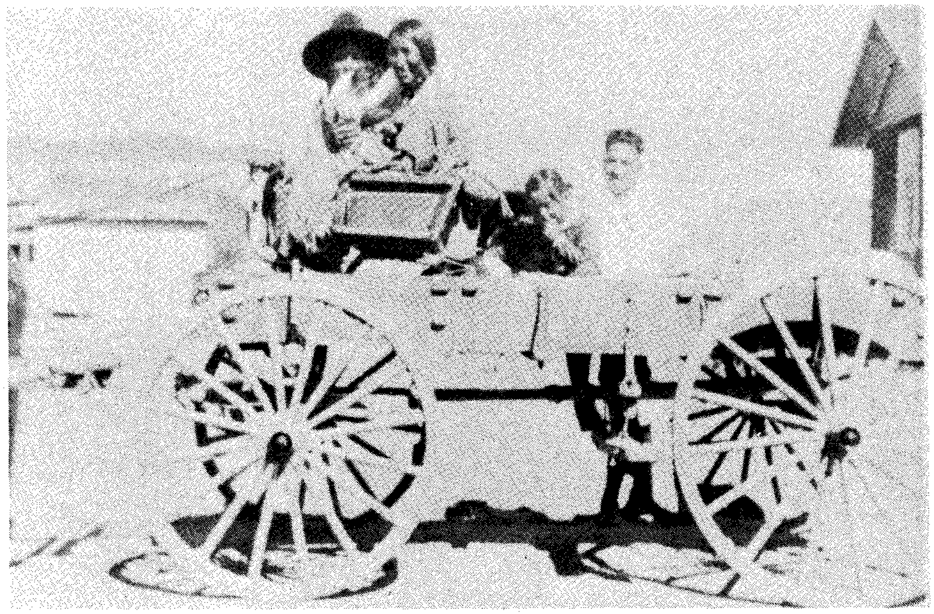
Six D. & R. G. Western narrow gauge coal burners pushing a plow to the top of Cumbres Pass to free a snowbound passenger train.

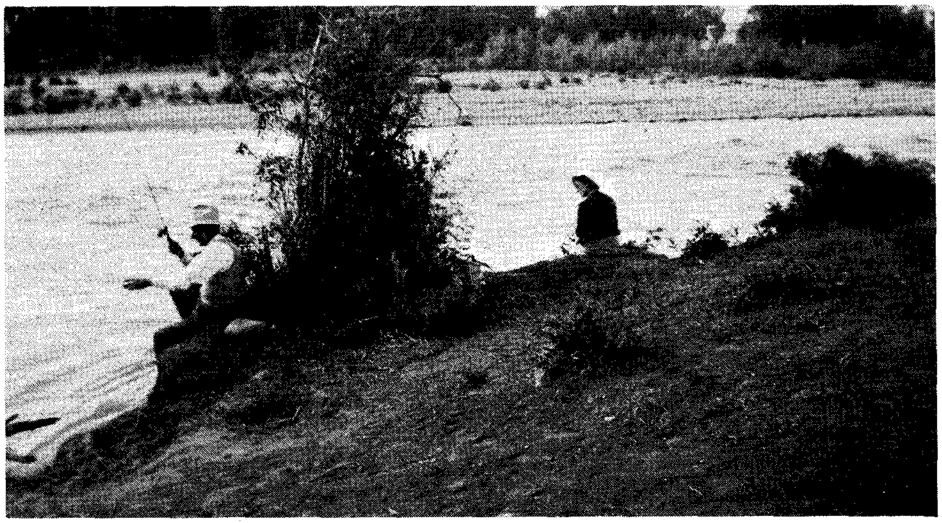


foot of Brazos Peak on the Brazos, which was about ten miles from Chama, but quite a few of them stayed at the old Foster Hotel in town. Many were inexperienced trout fishermen who would come into the drug store after being on one of the nearby streams all day without catching any fish. Some were very critical of the fishing thereabouts—saying that the damned things would not take *anything*. One day Dr. Dunham was in the drug store when a dude fisherman came in with the usual complaint about fishing being lousy. With an air of importance gleaming in his eyes, Doc Dunham interrupted the man to say, "Had bad luck, huh?"

The fisherman muttered something like, "I don't think there are any fish in the streams around here."

Dr. Dunham answered matter-of-factly, "Maybe you have not been using the right kind of bait. What kind did you use?"





Above, A Jicarillo Apache Indian family on a visit to Chama from their reservation a few miles to the west. Below, John Tidwell (author's father) and Lena Tidwell (author's wife) fishing in the Chama River.

"Worms," aswered the fisherman.

"That's funny," replied the doctor. "Want to see a beauty I caught this morning within two blocks of this store in the Chama River?"

I had an ice house out at the back of the drug store which housed blocks of ice cut from the river during the winter freeze. I used it all season at the soda fountain. Dr. Huntington had brought in a twenty-six inch trout that day and asked me if he could put it in the ice house for a few days. The doctor led the way to the ice house and proudly displayed the beautiful trout to the dejected fisherman.

"Man! Man! How did you catch that whopper?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, with worms," replied the doctor.

The fisherman scratched his head a few times in disbelief and when they returned to the store I noticed that Dr. Dunham seemed in a hurry to go elsewhere. A few weeks after that incident when Happy Apodaca was in town he got a tip that someone was poaching at the big fish hatchery at Park View nearby at night. Happy hied himself to the hatchery because the hatchery foreman insisted that he stake the place out, and the first news I got on Saturday morning was about Dr. Dunham being caught snaring a big brood trout through the fence at the hatchery. That ended Doc's displaying big trout in my ice house and cost him $25.

Winters were extremely severe in Chama with the temperature often dropping to 40 below zero. During the extreme cold periods we closed the drug store at 6:00 p.m. and went home for the evening. Quite often Lena and I and Bill and Jan Evans (he was the son of the banker Evans) got together during those cold nights and shared chili con carne and enchilada dinners washed down with some good red wine, after which we played auction bridge until the wee hours of the morning. Often the snow was knee-deep to the proverbial giraffe but it did not have to be mid-winter for the deep snows to come. We got one snowstorm during the month of September that was the granddaddy of all of them.

The weather had been threatening for two days with great globs of dark clouds floating here and there in the sky but shifting about quite often, and the air had a sort of chilly feeling. True, it was the tail end of summer but hardly time for a snowstorm. However, snow it did. It began about four o'clock one afternoon and by nightfall four inches of the white stuff lay upon the ground. By the following morning eighteen inches covered the whole lansdscape and no let-up was indicated. Everyone in the small town went about his business and daily chores nonchalantly, for all of them were well acquainted with deep snows and a mere eighteen inches posed no problem.

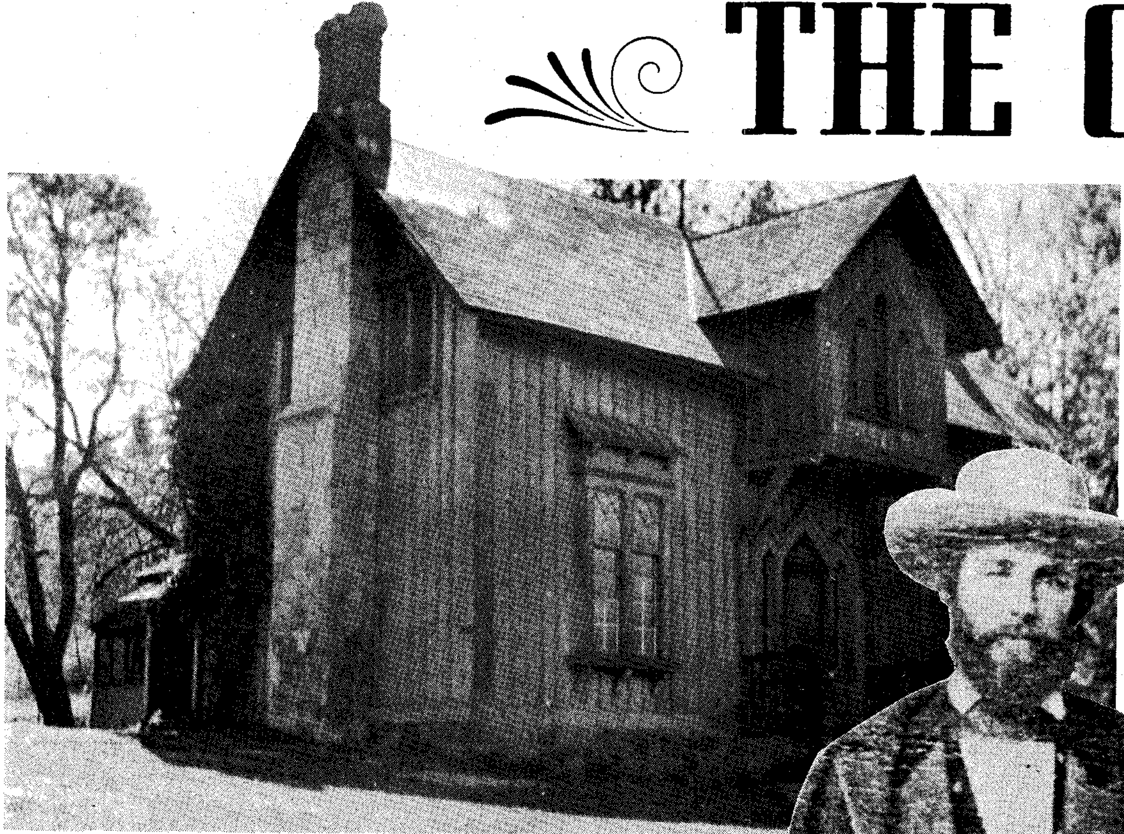
By nightfall of that day the snow depth was twenty-six inches and it began to look like we were in for a REAL snowstorm. There was very little scurrying about in the town with most of the inhabitants being by their own firesides making conjectures about the weather. This could be a bad one, they mused.

Sure enough, it was a bad one. By morning of the third day, thirty-six inches of the whitest snow Lena and I had ever seen lay on the ground with drifts up to ten feet around buildings. Lena and I had been assured by a number of the old-timers that this storm was not too unusual—that it had happened in the past and no one had frozen to death, but we did not feel too assured. Like everyone else, we stayed holed up in our apartment by a roaring coal-burning stove and did not attempt to go downtown and open the drug store. All other business houses (except maybe Pat Kelly's bar) were closed because of the snow and the one town street was too deep in snow to negotiate without extreme difficulty.

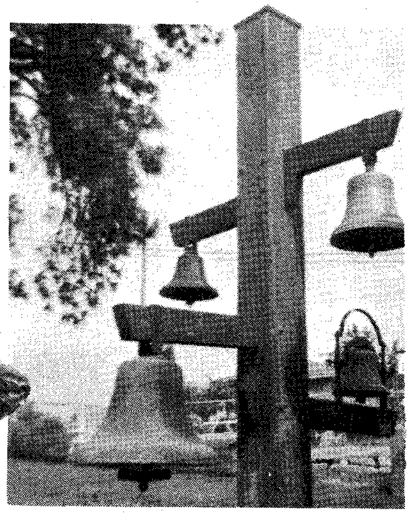
Like others, we stayed put and listened to the radio reports of the storm's progress. The westbound D and RG narrow gauge passenger train was due in Chama

(Continued on page 38)

THE GREAT



The Army Surgeon's home.



Historic bells on the grounds o
Fort Dalles today. Soldiers too
over the mission of Daniel Lee.

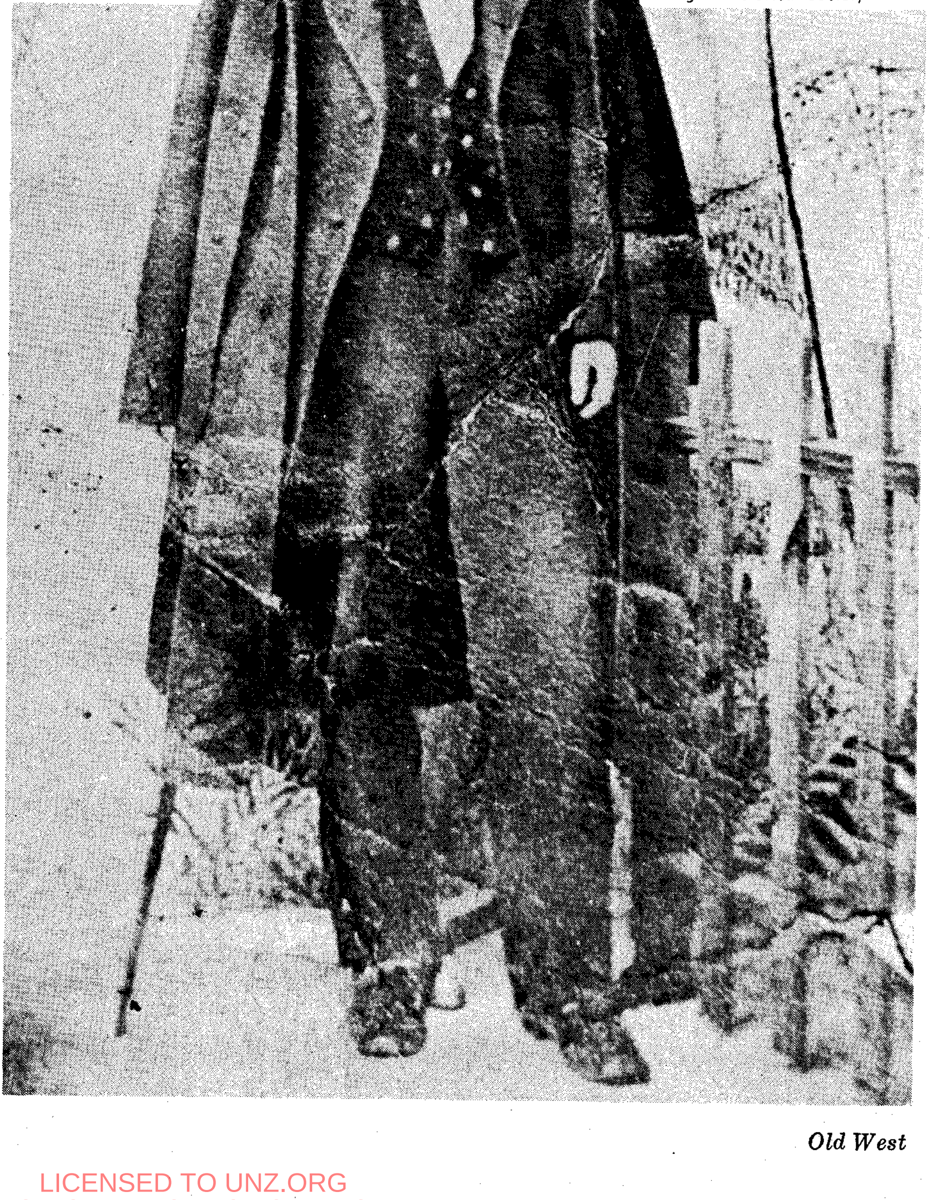


Photo Courtesy
Oregon Historical Society

"MY FATHER was an Indian fighter," ninety-year-old George Olney—last living son of the "Great Olney"—told me, then added with a twinkle in his eye, "My mother was an Indian Princess.

"History gives my father credit for a lot of killing, but you know what history can do sometimes. He knew when he had to kill and when he didn't. He saw a lot of cruelty in both Indians and whites and he had friends on both sides, but he believed in justice." There was no malice in George Olney, a fine looking man with a sense of humor, appearing much younger than his years, personable and mentally alert. He carried a cane because of a leg injury—a cane he said was made "from the limb of the famous oak tree on which Major Garnett hanged Indians at Fort Simcoe—guilty or not guilty, as a warning to the rest.

"I'm half and half, you know, Indian and white; I'm on both sides of the fence. Sometimes it's a pretty high fence." His humorous smile belied any feeling of anger, persecution or sarcasm.

"My mother always insisted we remember that our ancestors were great men on both sides. Her father and brother were chieftains, yet all of her family and people were loyal to my father. She wanted us to live up to him.

"He was an adventurous young fellow with an aristocratic family dating back to England's 1066—yes, I went to school; I know a bit about history. When my father came West with an immigrant train in 1843, he built a raft and with axe and paddle tackled the flood-swollen Columbia at Fort Walla Walla. The ones who followed him experienced suffering

OLNEY

A famous Indian fighter's son analyzes his father's life — he lived to see that most of the harsh decisions Nathan Olney made were necessary

By THELMA KIMMEL

Photos Courtesy Author

and loss but my father came safely into Wascopum, my grandfather's camp, and he fell in love with a beautiful princess just like in a story book."

During the years from the late 1840s to the mid-1860s Nathan Olney was the most important figure in the Northwest. Chieftains, Army officers (Regular and Volunteer), Government heads and immigrants—all relied upon his intelligence, judgment and integrity.

The handsome young adventurer was the first permanent settler in Wascopum, a place which would become The Dalles, a very important trading and outfitting center of steamboat days for the inland country. Olney served as interpreter, sheriff, guide, justice of the peace, captain of the Volunteers, and probate judge, as well as Indian agent.

The Hudson's Bay Company had earlier held a temporary trading post at the spot in the Columbia below Les Gran Dalles as it was known to the *Voyageurs*, and Jason and Daniel Lee had established mission headquarters, preaching to the curious and amused, though almost unaffected, natives. Jason had gone on to build the Willamette Mission among the white settlers.

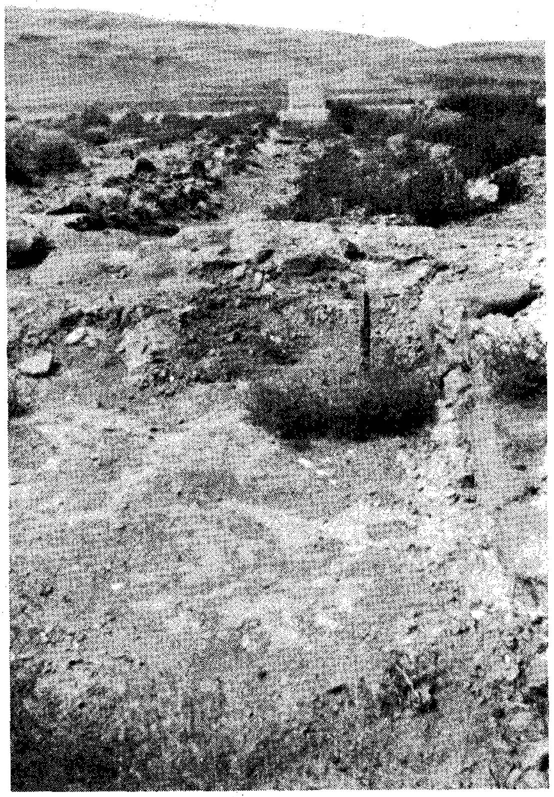
Nathan Olney's first stay with the Wascos was brief and the interval before his return has been lost to history, but the attractive Princess Annette as well as the business acumen of his Olney blood and the desire to build his fortune, drew the young man back to Wascopum in 1847.

Immigrants were making a continuous line across the Blue Mountains on their way to the fertile Willamette, and though the Longmire wagontrain would in a few years penetrate a way north, the main trail to the Willamette still was either by river or over the Barlow route. Wascopum was the perfect stop for rest and reinforcement. Also it was a place for the Indians to trade their furs without going on down to Fort Vancouver.

With the help of his Wasco friends, Nathan built a trading post and eventually a ferry across the roaring Deschutes to the east.

The wagontrains had increased with Marcus Whitman's trip East and the massacre at the Waiilatpu Mission came at a time the Whitmans, fearing repercussions, had bought, and planned to move to, the Methodist Mission site in Wascopum.

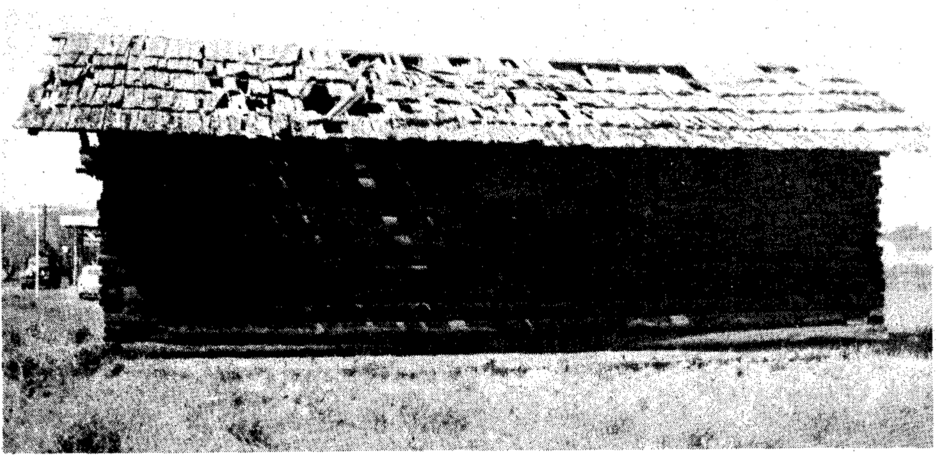
"That was the time, too," George Olney said, "that James Wilbur came around Cape Horn by sailing ship from New York to ride circuit for the Willamette Methodist Episcopalian Mission. He and my father became the best of friends. They were both fearless and dedicated

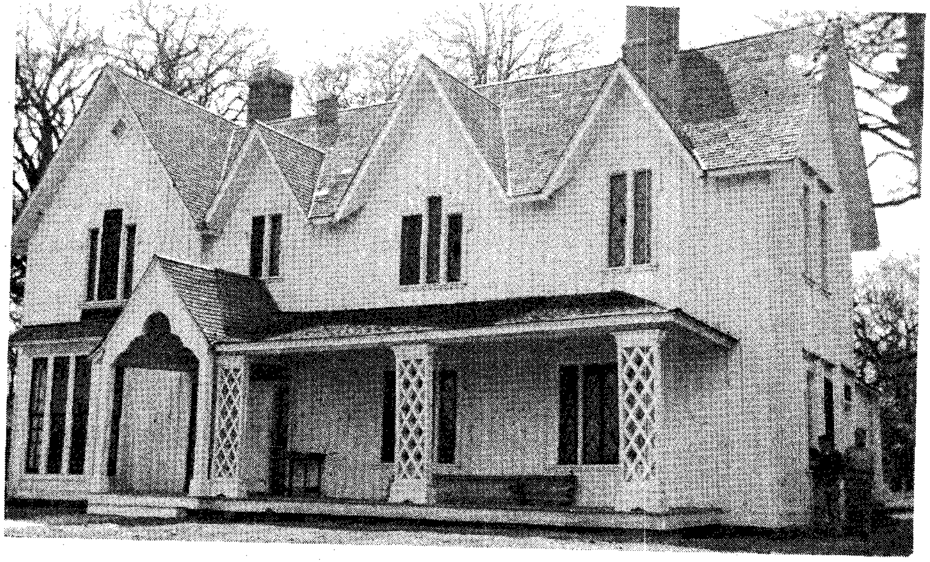


At right, site of the old Hudson's Bay Fort Walla Walla, on the Columbia. It is now covered by water backed up by McNary Dam. It was here that Nathan Olney built his raft and rode the wild river into the camp of the Wascos. He returned during the Yakima War with his volunteers and destroyed ammunition stored at the fort to keep it from the Indians.

Photo by E. L. Kimmel

Nathan Olney at left. Below, the Klickitat block house. It was manned again in the Bannack-Piute Wars of the 1870s. At right, ninety-year-old George Olney, the last son of Nathan Olney. George had been a rancher, interpreter, cattleman, and policeman on the Yakima Indian Reservation. The cane he carries is reputed to be from the historic "hanging tree" at Fort Simcoe.





The Commandant's home at Fort Simcoe, later, the home of the Indian agent. George Olney lived here after his father's death with Superintendent Wilbur and his wife.

men, and regarded by the Indians as truthful."

After the massacre the Cayuses found other tribes against them as well as the whites. Volunteer armies were organized and, with the help of friendly Indian scouts, took to the field. Nathan Olney was among them. Several encounters with hostiles occurred during the march and the Indians were chased in running skirmishes to the Snake River. Here the clever natives tricked the soldiers in a mass escape and the army turned back. On their retreat to the Touchet River an Indian jumped from ambush, killing a soldier so near to him that Nathan met the killer in a hand-to-hand battle, finishing him with a knife. When it was necessary to kill, he met the situation.

It took two years to get the Cayuse tribe to hand over the guilty for this outbreak, and then it was believed that innocent victims paid for the crime.

DURING this period the Volunteers established themselves at Fort Wascopum, the former mission. A brief siege of adventuring took Nathan to the California Gold Rush in company with a younger brother, Nathan leaving his post in the care of his faithful Wascos. He returned with the funds to stock his new trading center, but his brother remained in California and lost contact with the family. Several other brothers were prominent in the coastal area—one especially, Judge Cyrus Olney. Two of them were to marry Indian women.

The struggle to hold the Northwest drew the interest of the military in establishing a fort in the strategic location of Wascopum. Major Cross declared there were only two places for fortresses to protect the immigrants—a location near The Dalles of the Columbia, and Fort Vancouver.

In 1850 Colonel Loring was ordered to establish a fort at Wascopum for dealing with the Cayuse Indians. But the Regulars did not arrive until the Volunteers had captured and helped to hang the supposed Waiilatpu murderers. Tension between the Regular Army and the Volunteers began to rise. The Regulars began construction of larger but crude quarters they named "Fort Drum." When Captain Lee came into command it was called "Fort Lee." Lee had one skirmish with the Indians who sneaked into Wascopum to drive off immigrant stock, about the only conflict at that location. Nathan Olney's Volunteers saved the day.

Finding his trading post within the expanding military zone—a situation of expansion that angered settlers—Nathan built a larger store and home closer to his busy ferry. Immigrants, arriving destitute from the long trek West, gained survival money by working on construction at the fort, but only a few soldiers were there when Captain Alvord came in 1852. In October of that year he reported, "1500 wagons and 6000 souls have arrived with great suffering. I may find it necessary to establish a hospital at this place."

"About this time," George Olney said, "my father married my mother Indian-style with the full consent of her family. They had waited a long time. After President Franklin Pierce appointed my father Indian Sub-Agent of the Northwest they named my oldest brother Franklin Pierce Olney. My brother did credit to his family, too—he was a great student."

Lieutenant Mowry remarked in 1853 that Fort Dalles, as it came to be called, "was desolate with nothing to recommend it except wolves, coyotes, rattlesnakes and skunks." But Nathan Olney and his wife, with the help of her family, ran a busy and prosperous trading post and ferry. As settlement increased so did Nathan's prominence as a civic leader, as well as his responsibilities as Captain of the Volunteers. Sympathetic as he was with the Indians, he knew well that their cause was lost, and that he could only hope to prevent bloodshed and gain reservation benefits for them.

Catholic missionaries had come early into the Northwest but they were not prominent in The Dalles until the first Methodist Mission had disintegrated. The battle for the Northwest was many-sided, not only between Indians and whites but between the missionaries

Below (left). Pulpit Rock at The Dalles. Jason Lee preached from this rock to the Indians at Wascopum (The Dalles) in the 1830s. It remains as a monument in his memory. (Right) The Umatilla House bus at the Fort Dalles Museum. The bus hauled travelers to and from Umatilla House, meeting steamers that shuttled the Columbia. The original hotel was built in Nathan Olney's time, but after its destruction by fire, a grand hotel was built in its place.

Photo by Lavern Crosby

UMATILLA HOUSE

JACK DOCHERTY

Above (left), Franklin Pierce Olney, oldest of Nathan Olney's sons. He held a prominent place on the Yakima Indian Reservation. A student, interpreter, and promoter, he was his father's pride as a child. (Right) Pease and May's store in The Dalles. Agent Wilbur often sent the Olney boys to this store for supplies.

themselves; between civilian leaders and military leaders; and over transportation, water and military reservations. Through it all, Nathan Olney was capitalist, mediator, soldier and judge. He was also a Good Samaritan to many a luckless immigrant. The 1852-1853 winter was severe. Soldiers, settlers and stock suffered for lack of food. In the autumn of 1853 some 7,000 immigrants came over the Oregon Trail.

THE year 1853 was a big one in the Northwest. Washington became a Territory and Governor I. I. Stevens with a survey and treaty-making party headed across the continent to assume his new position at Olympia. Soldiers arrived to take command at Vancouver, and McClellan was sent out to find a good road over the Cascades for wagon and railroad. Pleas for military reinforcement were little heeded. Major Rains' warning of his great need was justified when a party of immigrants was murdered just out of Fort Boise. Rains had been given command of Fort Dalles.

It had been Nathan's custom to ride out with his Volunteers to escort wagon-trains that had left Fort Boise to travel through hostile territory toward The Dalles. This particular time the train heading for California split, leaving only a small part to travel toward The Dalles. When smoke signals from trusted scouts reached Nathan Olney, he gathered his Volunteers and began the 300-mile journey. A feather in his hat was his only insignia of leadership. Major Rains also started out with soldiers from the fort.

"That trip was my father's death knell," George Onley said. "He received an arrow wound that a decade later ended his life. The scene he came upon may well have brought out a spirit of revenge." The soldiers were too late. They found the mutilated bodies of twenty-three men, women and children, stripped of clothing and decomposing in the sun.

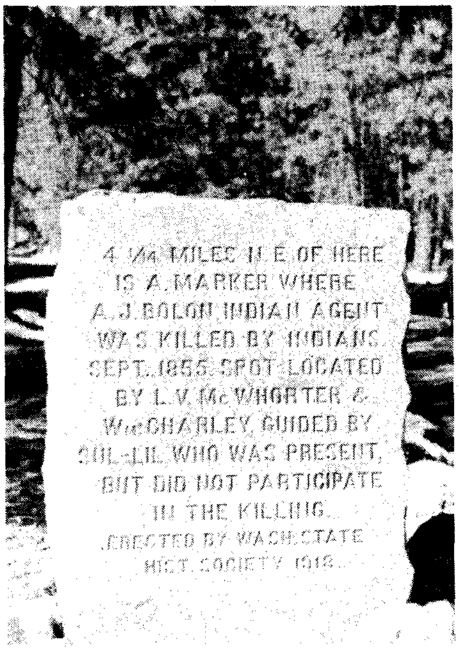
"They had been tortured, their wagons burned, the women ravished and mutilated. Bolts from the burning wagons were run through the victims. In their final frenzy of victory the Indians had slashed open featherbeds and scattered feathers over the bodies. If my father took innocent prisoners at this time, he could be forgiven. Of course, history gives various reports."

"What about Wounded Knee?" I asked. "Didn't the white soldiers kill just as ruthlessly as the Indians, without cause?"

"There are times when both sides of my family were bad," George smiled. "Are we very different? My father went after the Indians to kill them if necessary, and he was almost killed. He had a terrible fever after his injury—his whole life afterwards was affected."

Photos by E. L. Kimmel

On a spot near the old Eel Trail is a marker for Indian Agent Bolon, Nathan Olney's friend, who was murdered near this area by young warriors, initiating the start of the Yakima Wars (1855-59).



THE following years brought many officers to The Dalles who would later become well known: Grant, Sheridan, Steptoe, Garnett, Wright and others. Nathan made friends of them and they depended on him in many ways. "He didn't suspect then that some day General Sheridan's daughter would marry his son Franklin. Grant's Indian daughter, too, married a prominent man on the Yakima Indian Reservation. There are many descendants," George said.

The Dalles was growing. Steamboats coursed the river with miners, soldiers, and settlers, but war was brewing. After the murder of his friend, Indian Agent Bolon, who had gone to investigate the killing of miners in the land of the Yakimas, Nathan sent a spy to Kamiakin's camp. Treaties had been made but not respected or ratified by the whites. Nathan learned that the great chieftain—who had signed Governor Stevens' treaty with tongue in cheek—was planning all-out war on whites invading his land. Kamiakin had collections of firearms and was traveling far to form a confederacy of tribes to hold the land.

Nathan spread the word to the military who were not particularly interested. Major Haller started across the Simcoe Mountains of Washington Territory, after crossing the Columbia at The Dalles, with the idea of punishing the murderers. He was unprepared for the attack that met him on Toppenish Creek. Kamiakin's braves burst from hiding to force the soldiers into swift combat that lasted until nightfall.

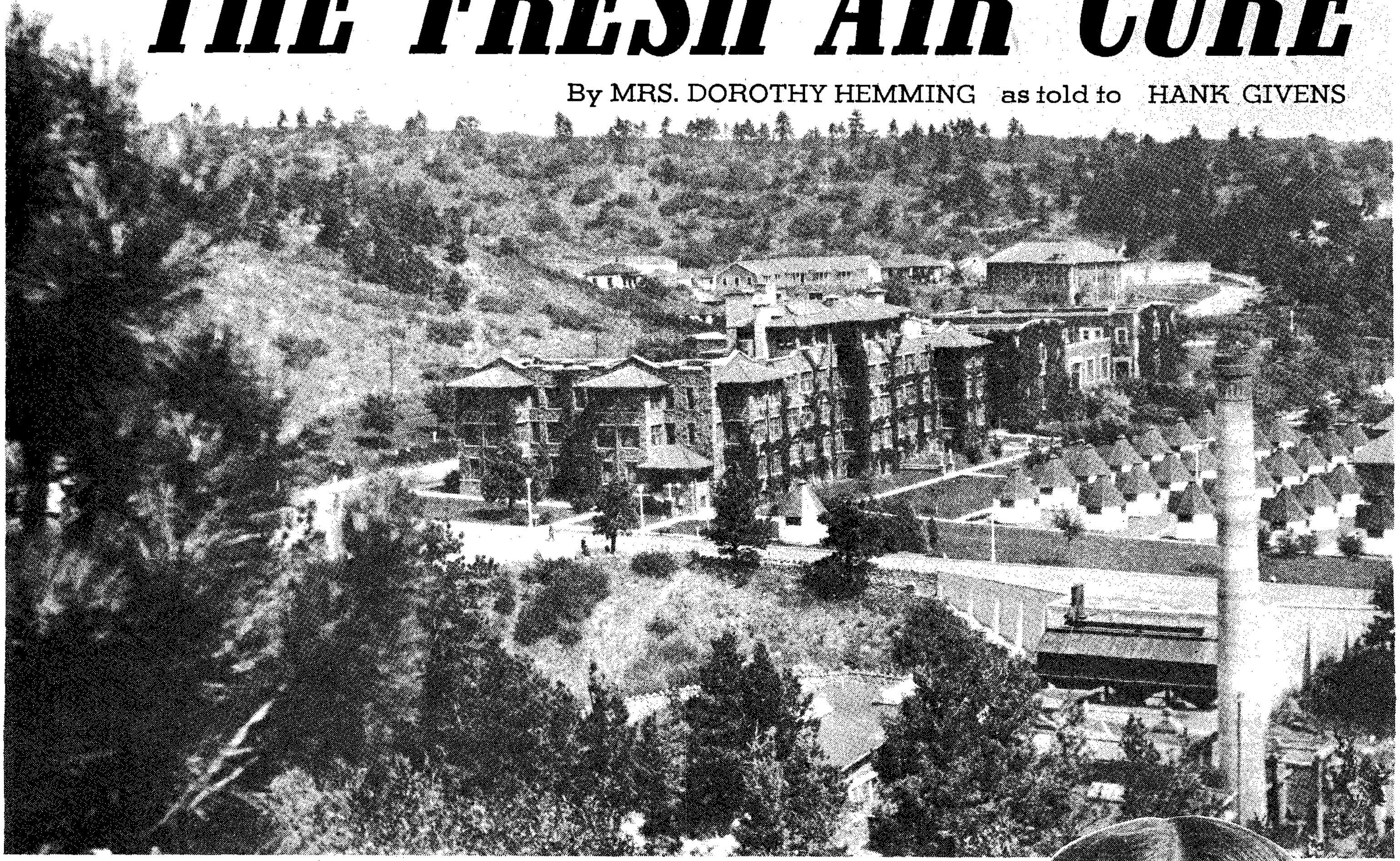
"Old Chief Eneas used to tell us about that battle," George Olney remembered. "He said the creek ran red.

"The Indians got reinforcements the second day and on the third day they

(Continued on page 42)

THE FRESH AIR CURE

By MRS. DOROTHY HEMMING as told to HANK GIVENS



Courtesy The Franklin Pearson Collection

The Modern Woodmen of America Sanitorium, located about 11 miles northwest of Colorado Springs, opened its doors in January 1909, for the purpose of administering free care and treatment to members afflicted with tuberculosis. To the right of the main building is its famous "cottage city." A combination dining hall and recreation room was located in the center of the field of small cottages.

A tubercular patient could hardly lose; he either recovered and took the first train out of town—or he got to thinking how warm a grave would be and lost all fear of dying!

Photos Courtesy Author

DIGGING places in the snow for tuberculosis patients was common practice at the Modern Woodmen of America Sanitorium in the early 1900s. In agony, they sat with rugs over their legs and nearly froze to death!

I would say to my father, "I'd rather die with TB tomorrow than sit out there!" because no "well" person would have sat in such inclement weather.

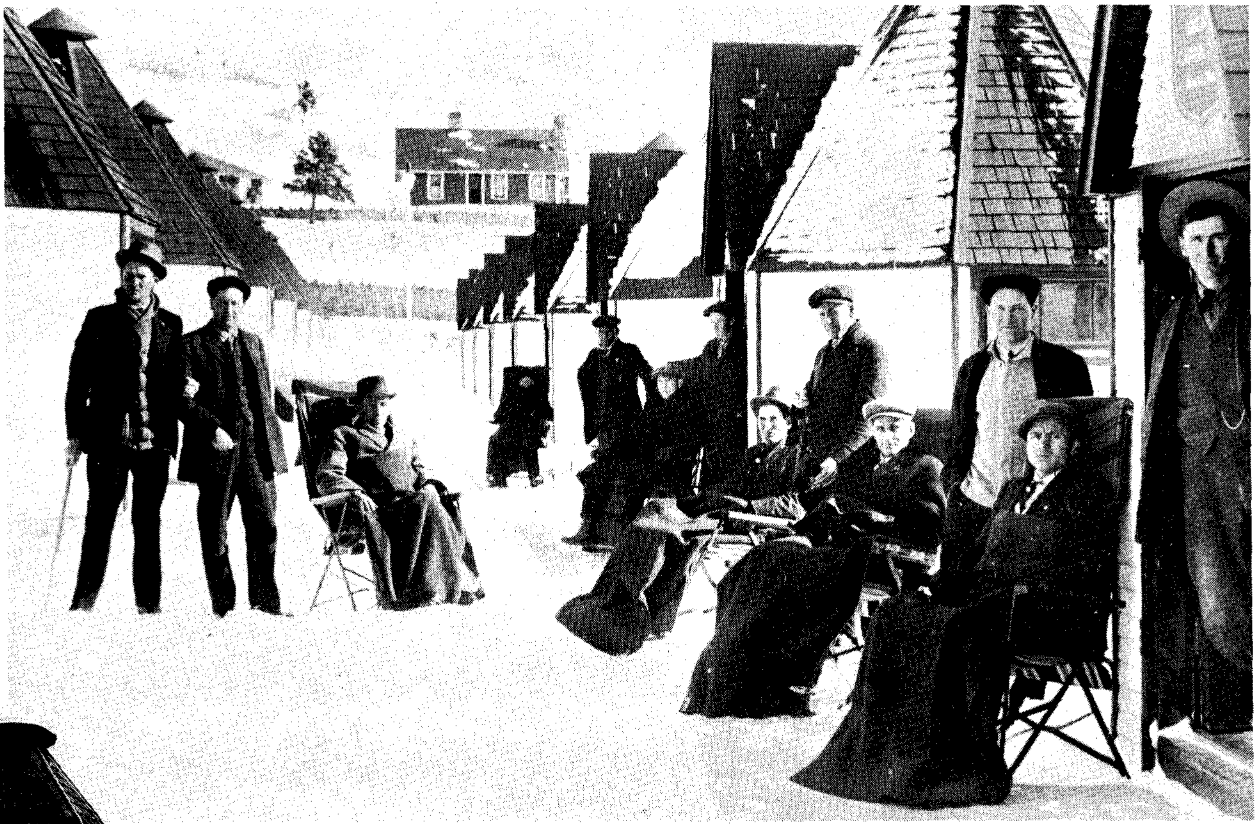
"Oh, but fresh air means so much!" he'd reply.

It didn't mean a thing.

My father, Dr. Charles F. Gardiner, was a tuberculosis specialist caught up in the medical thinking of the day that lots of fresh air, sunshine, wholesome food, and rest added up to a cure for the disease.

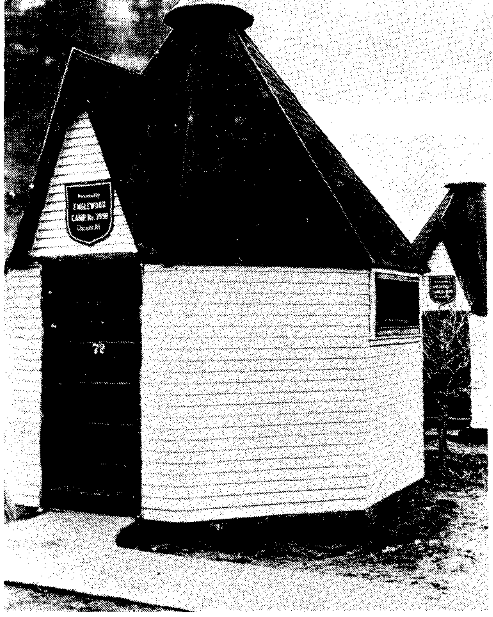
Because he was convinced, for example, that certain parts of a square tent would trap air, he designed an unheated octagonal tent that allowed the air to circulate freely and swirl to the top through a permanent opening. That natural air-conditioning was marvelous for patients in the summertime, but terrible in the winter when temperatures dipped below zero.

My father's enthusiasm for fresh air (for other people) didn't stop with digging places for them in snow and keeping them in unheated tents. He brought his theories home to nearby Colorado



Courtesy Western History Department, Penrose Public Library, Colorado Springs, Colorado

Above, tubercular patients sitting outside their unheated quarters in the dead of winter.



Courtesy Western History Department, Penrose Public Library, Colorado Springs, Colorado

Above, note the permanent opening at the top of the cottage roof. At left, Dr. Charles F. Gardiner, tuberculosis specialist responsible for the design of the unique cabins.

Springs, Colorado and inflicted them on my brother Raynor and me—a horror of my childhood!

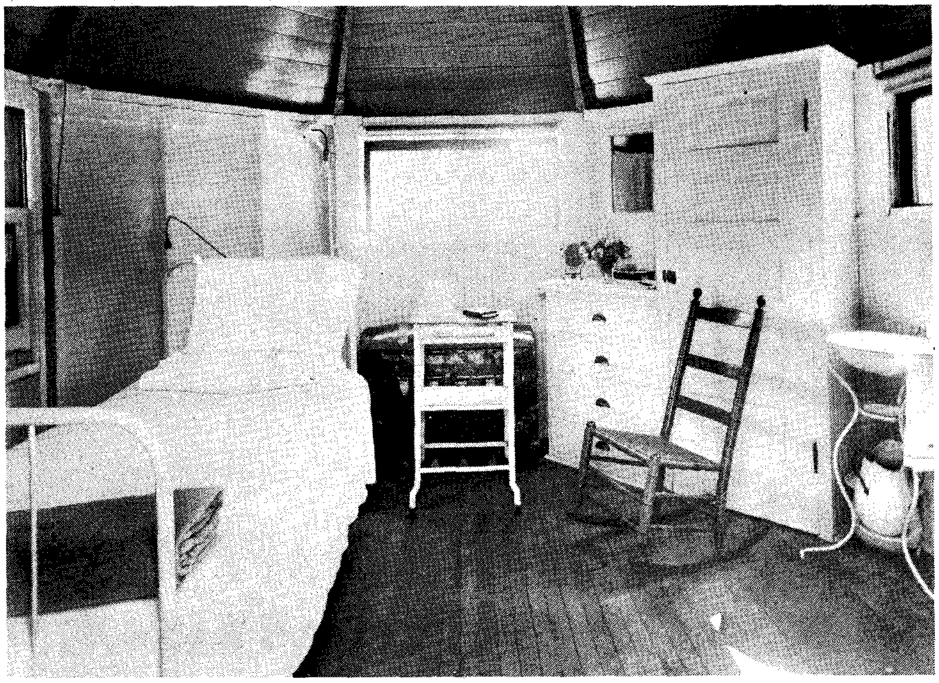
Dr. Gardiner was born in his parents' home in New York City on October 2, 1857. His father wanted him to go into the marine insurance business. My father used to dissect all kinds of little animals right behind the counter in the insurance office—which upset my grandfather very much. Finally he consented to his son entering Bellvue Hospital Medical College from which he graduated in 1882 as a doctor of medicine. He then spent a year in Charity Hospital and was placed in charge of the surgical department of New York Hospital.

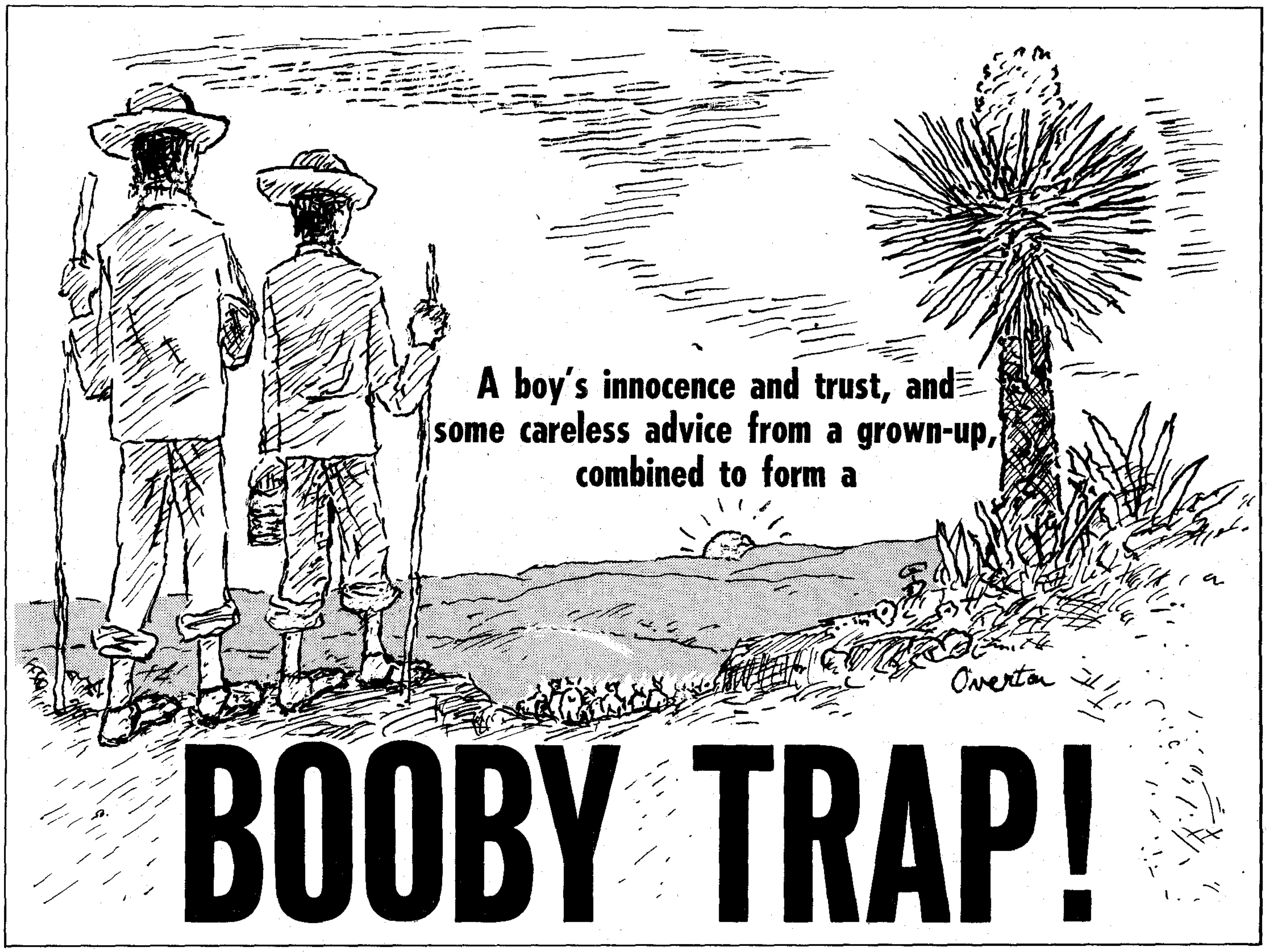
At that time he was engaged to Miss Daisy Emma Moneith, daughter of the celebrated geographer, who was upset that his daughter proposed going off to the wild West. Dr. Gardiner had become fed up with city life and had come West to the wildest part of Colorado—Gunnison and Rio Blanca Counties—where there weren't even real towns for him to practice in but where a doctor was badly needed. Knowing he couldn't take his new wife to the rough mining town of Crested Butte he took her to Meeker in cattle country. They later moved to Colorado Springs so that my brother could have a better education.

(Continued on page 35)

The interiors of the cottages were plain, but functional. The design of the structures provided for a continuous flow of fresh air.

Courtesy Western History Department, Penrose Public Library, Colorado Springs, Colorado





A boy's innocence and trust, and some careless advice from a grown-up, combined to form a

BOOBY TRAP!

By WALTER OVERTON

Illustrations by Author

IN THE hot and languorous weeks towards summer's end our cotton fiesta moved leisurely along its happy course. The cotton season reached its height during those weeks, and money was in circulation. It was a good time, and night after night, pickers, haulers, gin workers, ranch folks, and villagers high and low, all turned out to make merry.

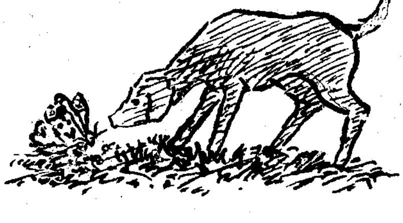
The fiesta ground covered about an acre, perhaps a little more, at the western edge of the village. Arranged in a square and enclosing it on all sides were the temporary canvas-over-frame open-front booths operated by enterprising citizens—cafes, gaming places, racks of trivial, colorful prizes for those who could throw darts or embroidery hoops skillfully or luckily.

Spaced a small distance inward from this outer square was the usual arrangement of improvised benches, running all the way around in a single row, to make an inner square. In the center was a bandstand, a small frame structure with its floor eight or ten feet above the ground, railed around at platform level. This was the fiesta's focal point of interest. Between the bench square and bandstand was the promenade ground, deep with dust from the repeated passing, night after night, of a multitude of feet. It was there, at the cotton fiesta sixty-five years ago, that I first met Alfredo and his uncle.

It was one of those perfect evenings, of which there are so many at that time of the year in South Texas. Each little open-air *fonda* had its small cooking fire of mesquite wood, its table and chairs and dishes brought from home, its merry group of customers consuming tamales, enchiladas, cabrito, frijoles, and all that. The population was predominantly Latin-American, and a sparkling play of gay, soft-voiced banter and repartee, punctuated by spontaneous bursts of laughter, passed across the crowd like summer breezes on the surface of still water.

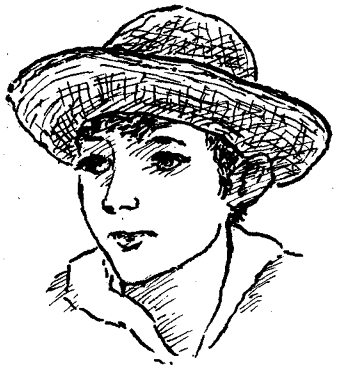
Bright colors of every hue showed in ribbons, fans, scarfs, and dresses; and the color effect, as the crowds moved about in the flickering light from dozens of regularly spaced flares, was kaleidoscopic. From open-front gaming booths where *loteria* was in progress came the call of the master of ceremonies and the rattle of the wooden pellets in his keg when it was rolled: *veinte-y-dos, la casa verde, diez-y-ocho, el toro,* and so on; and whether they lost or won, the players laughed and rallied one another.

Chico

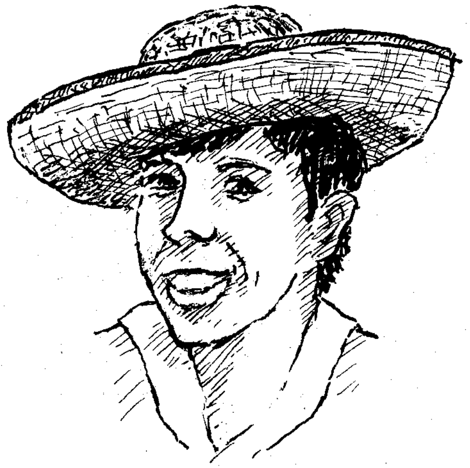


I WAS sitting alone on the bench, resting, after losing a few small coins at *loteria*—looking and listening. The band was in its place—two violins, a flute, and a guitar; and never have I heard pleasanter music. The strains of "La Golondrina" were floating out to us and up to the stars and the promenade was in progress—girls and young ladies walking together in flowing masses, moving counter-clockwise around the bandstand, young men and boys moving steadily together, clockwise, between the ladies and me, each group eyeing the other in sidelong glances as they passed and repassed.

Conspicuous, not by size or importance but by the novelty of his presence in the promenade, was a small, short-haired, brownish-yellow dog, secured by a flimsy piece of cotton string tied loosely around his neck. A boy about twelve years old led him. Accompanying them was a vivacious youth of perhaps eighteen years, two or three older than I at that time, who, I learned later, was his uncle.



Alfredo



Juan

Around and around they marched with measured tread, the three of them, performing the ritual of the promenade. Onlookers noticed them and smiled.

Soon, however, the music stopped, and the marchers dispersed or stood in groups talking. I did not see where Alfredo went, but the older boy came and sat down by me.

"That Alfredo!" he said. "That Alfredo and his puppy, and that piece of string!"

He bent forward and laughed heartily.

"What became of them?" I asked.

"They went to the wagon where his father and mother are resting," he smiled. "I told him to tie Chico under the wagon—but no, they will go round, over and over, like that, until everything is ended. He is afraid something will happen to his puppy, or maybe it will get lost. Chico was ordered to stay home, and when we looked back, he was standing in the yard. But when Alfredo got down just out of town to move a rock from the road, who was under the wagon? Chico!" I was thinking I could have guessed who was under the wagon without being told.

"Then, of course, he had to come up into the wagon, and it was a lucky thing that Alfredo had a piece of string in his pocket."

The boy's name was Juan. He had no kin, he said, except his sister and brother-in-law—Alfredo's parents. His sister was much older than he, and he had lived with them since he was two or three years old. Juan was like an older brother to Alfredo, who was an only child.

The four lived about five miles from San Diego on their small goat ranch. There were no neighbors, and the boys, growing up like brothers, had played and worked together, taking the goats into the hills mornings and bringing them in at evening, doing the chores, making kites and playing marbles and tops, hunting, fishing, and swimming together.

All this Juan told me in his own friendly way, in a flow of merry chatter, while we sat there waiting for the music to resume.

When the band had played again and stopped, I went to my horse, leaving the fiesta to run its course—past midnight—without me. In company with a young fellow who was going my way I rode the south trail over the hills by starlight, to the ranch which was my home.

IN THE MONTHS that followed I saw little of the two boys. Their home was about five miles north of San Diego and I was living about the same distance out, in the opposite direction. It was only occasionally that we met, happening by chance to be in town at the same time. The two were always together.

Alfredo, I noticed, though not growing perceptibly taller, was turning a little lanky in build, leaving childhood behind him. Under the wide brim of his straw *sombrero* he was paler in complexion than Juan, and this was accentuated by the gleaming, absolute blackness of his soft hair, and the black of luminous eyes with their long, jet-black lashes. He seemed always a little tired, and even more dreamy, as time passed; and when I turned, after answering some remark of Juan's, to talk to him, he might be looking at me but not seeing me, and he seemed to come back from somewhere far away before the light would return to his eyes and the friendly smile show on his face. Only then would he answer me, in a voice almost too quiet to be heard. His best smiles showed whenever I asked about Chico's health and welfare.

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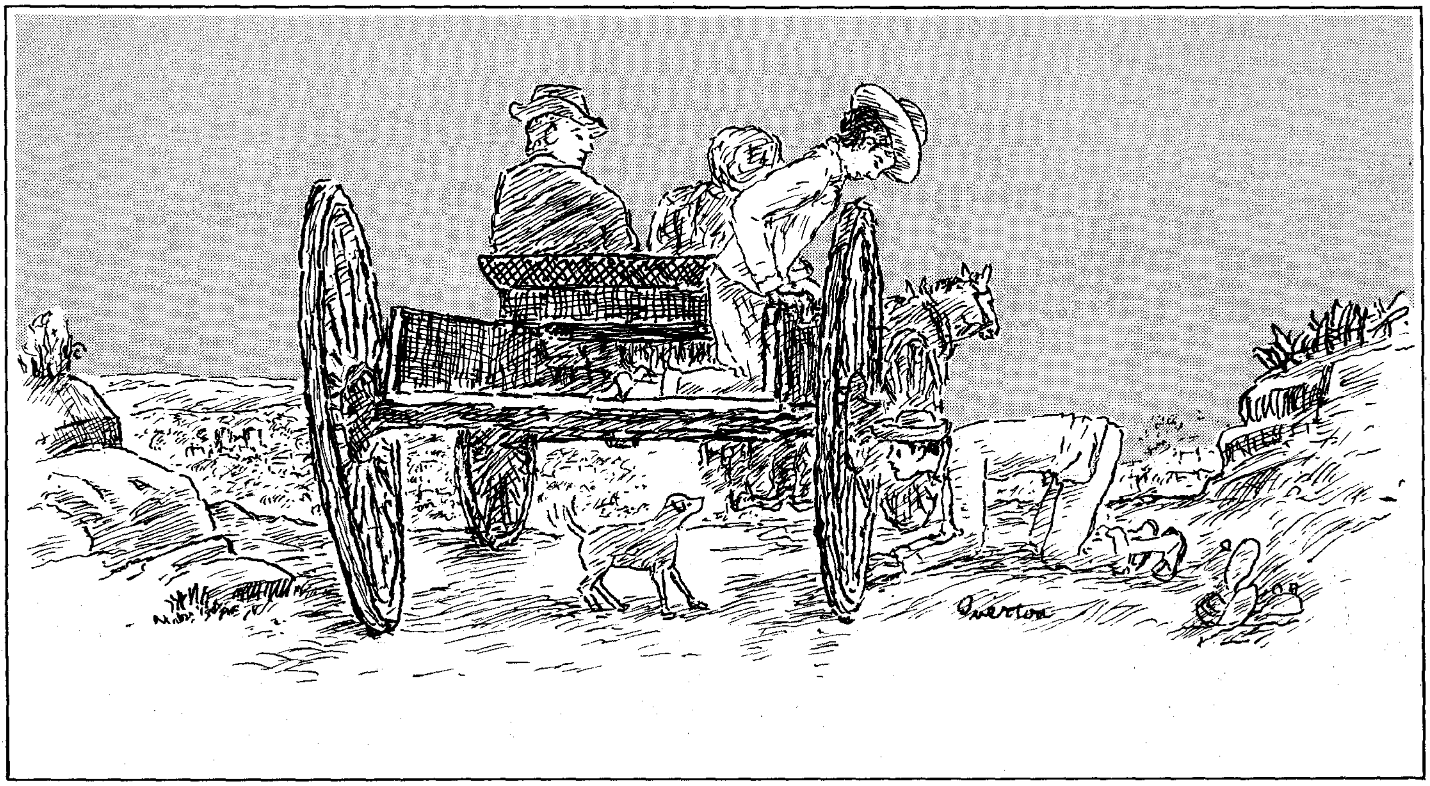
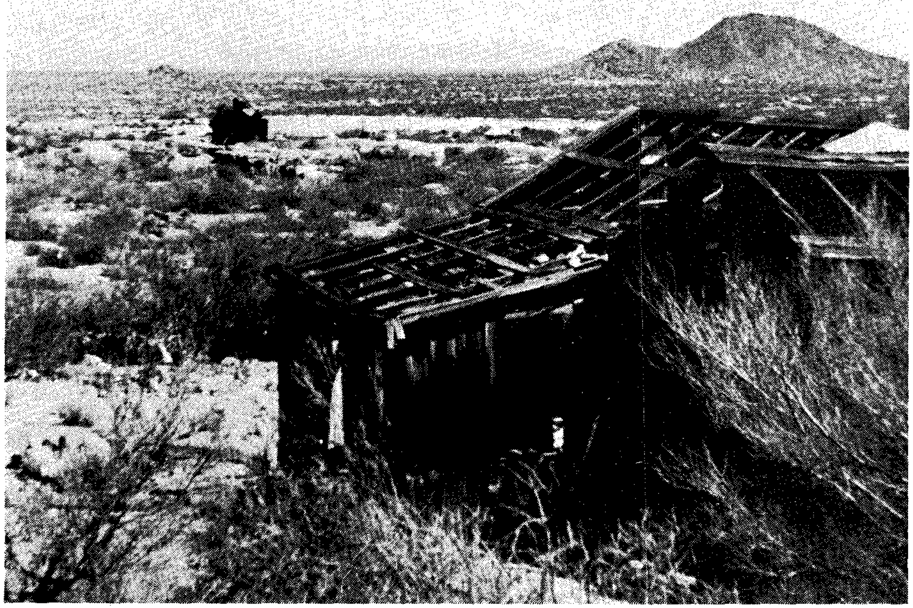




Charred remains of the fire that consumed the mining camp.

IN the 1880s prospectors were crawling over the Arizona hills like ants on a huckleberry pie. Mine claims were springing up as fast as a stake could be driven into the sand.

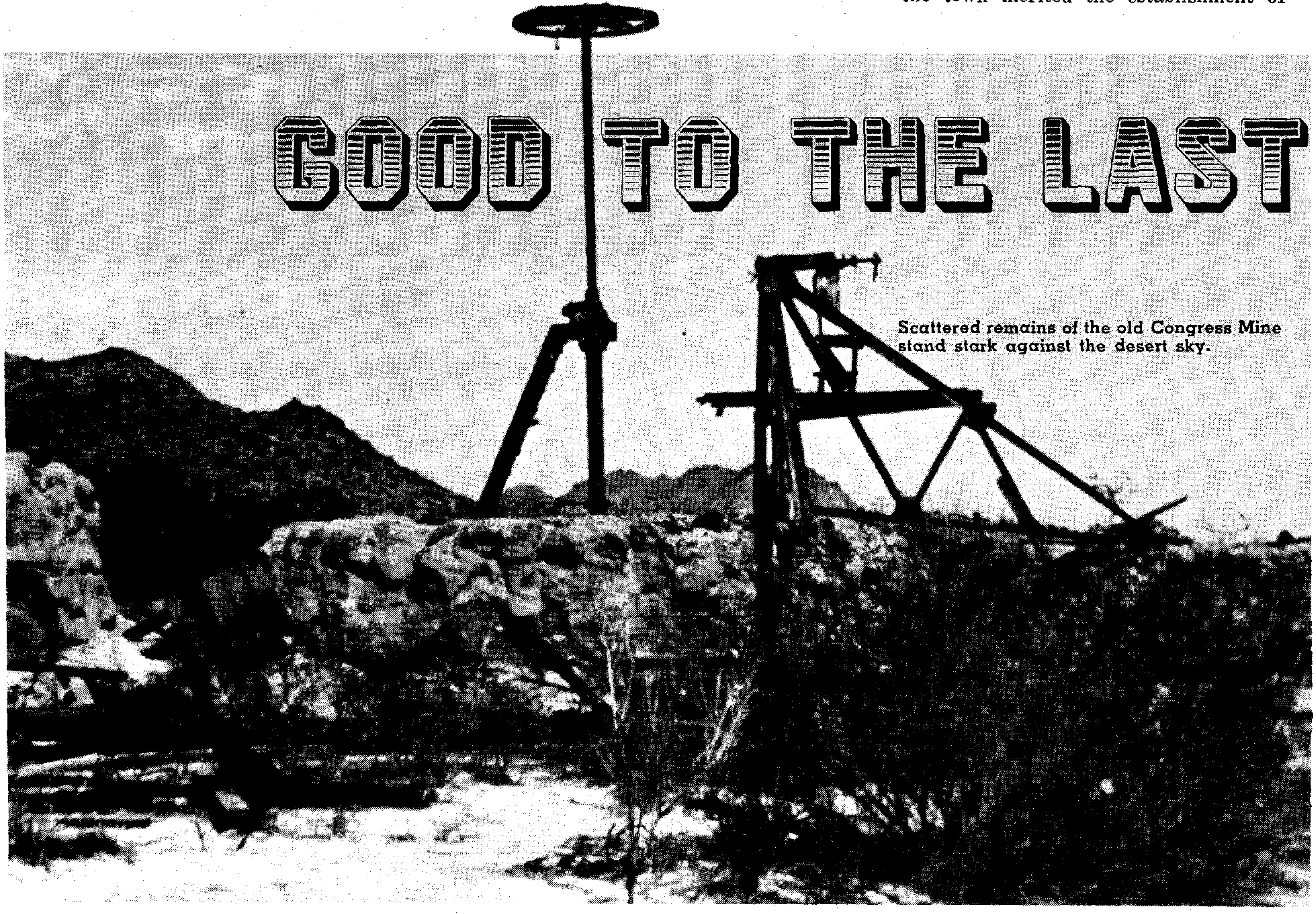
Dennis May, living in Martinez, a stage stop on the La Paz-Fort McDowell Road southwest of Prescott, wasn't the first prospector to come across gold in the Date Creek Mountains near his settlement. But those who sampled the rock before him had found that the ore was not free-milling but coated so heavily with iron that it wouldn't amalgamate. And, to most, that meant there wouldn't be any profit in a claim there.

But May had other ideas. On March 25, 1884 he set up his claim and called it Congress. Three years later he sold the claim to Joseph "Diamond Joe" Reynolds, a St. Louis financier. Reynolds had already made a name for himself with his "Diamond Joe" line of steamships on the Mississippi. He expanded his interests to railroading when he built a line to Hot Springs, Arkansas after he founded the city and built the resort there. Now, working with the same vitality that he put into his other projects, Diamond Joe began operations at Congress.

Since he couldn't stay and run the mine personally, he chose one of the most knowledgeable of Arizona miners, Frank Murphy, as superintendent. It promised to be a challenging as well as profitable enterprise. The ore had to be freighted by wagon sixty miles to Prescott at a cost of $17 a ton. From there it was shipped by rail to the main line of the AT & SF at Ashfork, and then on to Socorro, New Mexico for reduction. It was a time-consuming and expensive process and Reynolds immediately began pushing for a branch railroad to run south from Prescott to Congress.

Within three years, even without the railroad, Reynolds transformed the small hole in the ground into a working mine and a model camp. On January 19, 1889 the town merited the establishment of

GOOD TO THE LAST



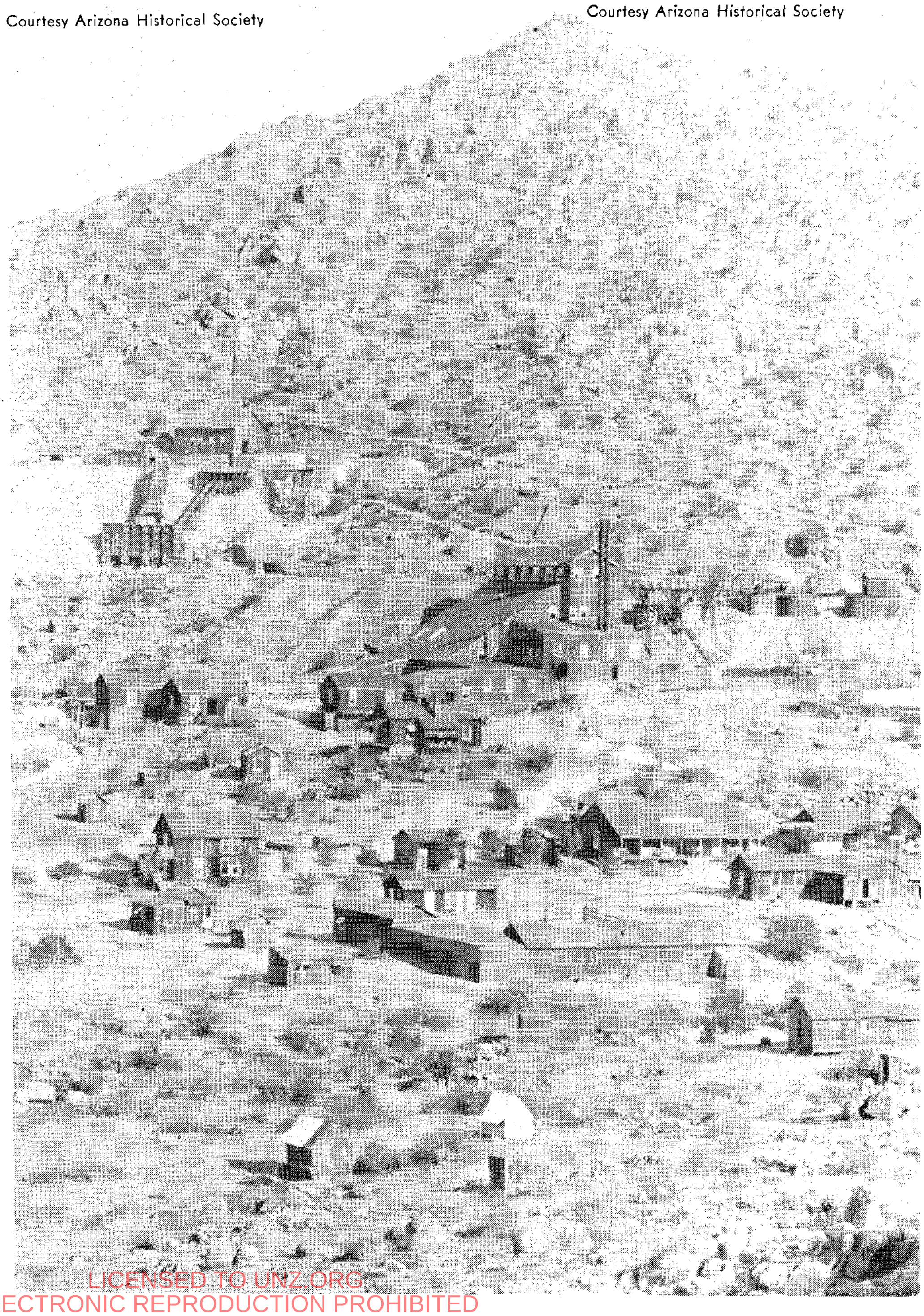
Scattered remains of the old Congress Mine stand stark against the desert sky.

Above, the highlight of 1900 for Congress, Arizona was the visit by President William McKinley.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Above, parts of old junked cars bear the scars of target shooters. Below, nestled in the Date Creek Mountains, Congress was a prosperous gold and silver mining camp in 1898, the year of this photo.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society



its own post office, with Charles A. Randall the first postmaster. On October 1, 1890 Charles H. Akers reported in the *Arizona Weekly Journal-Miner* that "Congress City is a thriving town with a population of 350 people. . . . Beds of blooming roses grace the yards in front of the residences, and everything be-

OUNCE

By B. J. BIGHAM
Photos Courtesy Author

Congress, Arizona is a little like a clothes rack on the second day of a fire sale. The "good stuff" is gone but it's worth a look-see if you're in the area . . .

speaks the thrift and prosperity of a contented and prosperous people who are building for themselves permanent homes in a locality that is certainly well chosen." The restaurant and lodging house run by Gus Shamp got special notice in Akers' report: "Guests at his house have nothing but words of praise for the excellence of the fare and the scrupulous order and cleanliness which prevail. . . ." Even the saloon, run by Kastner & Co., got a kind word since it managed to "contribute to, rather than detract from, the high standard of morality which prevails . . . as they keep a quiet and orderly establishment, holding all attempts at excess strictly in check."

Everything was running smoothly, and with the railroad line already being built, Reynolds reportedly refused to sell Congress for an offered $3 million. He made frequent trips to the mine—but in March 1891 one of these visits killed him. While there he died of pneumonia. Ironically, the body of the transportation tycoon made its last journey back to Prescott on the back of a mule.

FOR the next three years the mine remained closed, waiting for new owners. Murphy continued to run the camp, and insisted on almost daily reports from his foreman, George Vickers. Virtually every one of these letters (now on file at the Arizona State Archives) ends the same way: "Everything is moving along very quietly and smoothly in camp."

Then, late in 1894, for a rumored $1 million, the mine was purchased by a syndicate headed by Murphy, E. B. Gage, and N. K. and Wallace Fairbanks. Gage was the president of the Phoenix National Bank and prominent in Tombstone mining camps. The Fairbanks men were Chicago capitalists and meat packers. Under their guidance mining operations started again—Congress was in session.

Within a few years the settlement that had grown into a town was growing into a city, divided into two separate sections: Mill Town and Lower Town. Mill Town high on the slope of the mountain, contained the mill which operated without pause.

"Over all," wrote Paul Hull, editor of the *Arizona Graphic* "is the rumbling thunder of the forty iron stamps, as they ceaselessly pound away, day and night. It is said that the visitor cannot sleep at night because of the noise, and that the resident awakes when the noise is stilled." Next to the mill were the company offices, hospital, bunkhouses and the homes of mine supervisors and workers. Below, with a cemetery between the two, was Lower Town, a cluster of saloons, boardinghouses, general stores and small homes.

Although Congress had its own telegraph line, its water supply was unsophisticated even by the standards of typical 1890s mining camps. In all of Congress there was only one source of water—a single one-inch faucet in front of the company store. Watched over by an alert store clerk, the water was sold to the camp residents.

N. O. MURPHY
Governor of Arizona

Courtesy Arizona State Archives

Frank Murphy, the mine owner, often enlisted the help of his brother, Nathan Oakes Murphy, the Governor of Arizona, in political matters.

As Editor Hull wrote in his February 24, 1900 issue, "Each family has a fifty-gallon whiskey barrel. Around the barrel's waist is a piece of rubber belting. . . . The local blacksmith cleverly hammers out an iron rod into a sort of short wagon pole, that divides to curve around to the center of each barrel head—and there you are, with a water cart that is its own wheel." Residents would roll the barrel up the hill to the company's spigot, fill the barrel, pay the bill and head for Lower Town.

"On the homeward trip down the rocky streets," Hull wrote, "gravity does all the work save that of guiding the revolving tank. Those who haven't attained the dignity of owning their own tank-wagons make use of childrens' toy wagons, settling within each two five-gallon oil cans." To Hull this couldn't have posed too much of a problem for Lower Town, however, since, as he put it, "Three fifths of the business houses are saloons. . . . Ye hardy miner scorns water when Anheuser is on tap."

Work on the railroad was going slow. Another line, the Arizona Central, was gaining in popularity and threatened to put a stop to the line proposed by Diamond Joe. But when Frank Murphy took over the mine he was determined to link it by rail with Prescott and he enlisted the aid of his brother, Nathan Oakes Murphy, who had served as tenth Territorial governor and was destined to serve again as fourteenth. With the two brothers promoting the line, it wasn't long before Arizona Central was forced out of business and their own line, known as the Santa Fe-Prescott-Phoenix, connected the Arizona towns. Somehow, the line never quite reached Congress. It fell short about three miles.

THE STATION STOP was called Congress Junction and the stage line which linked it with the mining camp was a frequent target for robberies. Periodically, masked gunmen stopped the stage outside Congress and forced passengers to hand over their valuables—disappearing into the cactus before they could be captured.

And such lawlessness wasn't confined to the stage line. Congress had its onslaughts of "youthful abandon" which left the town pockmarked with bullet holes, pricked with knife stabs and dotted with graves. The *Journal Miner* reported one such incident in May 1897. It seems that "Sadie," one of the "women of the town," got into a dispute with one "Mamie" over some unspecified trifle. Sadie shot and missed but ended up hitting a bystander, Thomas Concannon, who promptly died. (That shouldn't have surprised anyone who was acquainted with the hapless Concannon; only a year before, he had been seriously stabbed by a man who mistook him for someone else.)

But aside fron an occasional shooting, holdup or hanging, the mining camp went about its business. Nearly eight million dollars worth of gold and silver had been taken from the earth since Dennis May dug the first hole, and there seemed to be no end in sight. Seven incline shafts were sunk, one as deep as 4,000 feet. Nearly 700,000 tons of ore yielded 388,477 ounces of gold and 345,598 ounces of silver. With 425 men employed in the mine, and a company payroll of about $30,000 a month, Congress was one of the most successful enterprises in the territory.

Not only was the mine producing a wealth of ore but the mining know-how of the bosses helped make the most of the profit. With a helping hand from brother Nathan Oakes, Frank Murphy was able to "influence" the Territorial legislature on certain key issues. In 1897 Governor B. J. Franklin charged that Congress had sent a lobbyist to Prescott with $6,000 which was intended for use as bribes to defeat a bill calling for taxation of net proceeds from mines. The governor was wrong—in part. It only took $2,000 to "win" the votes of nine members.

But just as everything seemed to be going smoothly, tragedy struck. It was bound to happen; it happened to just about every Arizona mine and city sooner or later—fire. On April 5, 1898 at about three in the morning, a blaze started in the restaurant next to the Silver Dollar Saloon in Lower Town. With no water system to control its progress, it spread quickly to nearly every building in town, licking up the hill to Mill Town. Four restaurants, the general store, grocery, and lodging houses, as well as private homes, were wiped out. According to the *Arizona Republic*, property loss was set at $50,000. When the fire finally burned itself out, the townspeople gathered to clean up the rubble and bury two victims—Gertie Graham, and James Vidano, owner of the Silver Dollar.

BUT the fire didn't destroy the gold and silver that was still left in the earth, and so long as there was a single

(Continued on page 33)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Gamel

Are there any old railroaders who might have known my great-uncle, Henry H. Gamel, and his family in Muskogee, Oklahoma circa 1910-1925? Henry, born in 1837, was a son of Wm. T. and Mary A. Gamel (also spelled Gammill) of Paulding County, Georgia. He was married first to Ada and second to Lutie, maiden names unknown. Henry was wounded in the Battle of Resaca, Georgia in 1864 and after the Civil War, lived in Alabama, Texas and Oklahoma.

Other family members who lived in Muskogee were Wm. T., his wife Mary E., John A., wife Minnie, and Henry Frank, wife Lizzie. They and Henry worked for the MV, MO & G, or KO & G Railroads at one time or another. A daughter or granddaughter, Ella, was an operator for Southwestern Bell. Where did this family go from Muskogee? Would like to correspond with anyone having information concerning them. Will answer all letters.—Estelle Schlingloff, Box 1032, Paris, Texas 75460

Petty-Allen

My great-grandfather, Jeptha Petty, was born May 26, 1837. He came to Texas in 1880 from Tippah County, Mississippi. He was married twice, first to a Susie Brock, who died. They had one son, John, who died when he was four years old. Jeptha then married Willie M. Ellis April 3, 1870. She was born September 1, 1849 and died May 29, 1930 at Brady, Texas. She is buried in Gooch Cemetery, Mason, Texas. Their children were Dolphus, born January 18, 1871; Archie, born February 17, 1872; Lee Ann, born May 2, 1873; Daniel (Dan) my grandfather, born September 9, 1874, died December 21, 1950; Joseph, born January 2, 1877; Samuel, born July 22, 1878; Andrew born February 24, 1882; Rodah Cathrine, born February 26, 1883; Anderson Oden, born January 29, 1885; and James (Jim), born April 12, 1886.

Dan Petty married my grandmother, Ophelia Delilah Allen in 1892 or '93. She was the daughter of Thomas Edward Allen and Sally Abigale Whitley Allen. Their children were Ophelia Delilah born November 1, 1875 in Milam County, died March 28, 1918; Frank, Sid, Walter born December 16, 1882 in Milam County, died 1970 or '71 in Llano County, married Emma Milstead, 1907; William, Bulah (I think she married a Jack Dunn); and I believe there was a Jim and a Fred, but am not sure.

Sally Abigale Whitley Allen was the daughter of Isaac Whitley and Elizabeth Burleson.

Jeptha Petty was the son of Steven Petty and a Jackson girl. I think they were in Tennessee at the time.

Any information on any of the above would be appreciated.—Mrs. H. J. Barina, Route 2, Richland Springs, Texas 76871

Chambliss

I would like to hear from anyone who can give me information on the following names of the Chambliss family. These children were the children of Reverend Alexander Wildes Chambliss and his wife Rebecca Ann Ellerbe: John Alexander Chambliss, born 1840, died 1916, married Mary Crayton Maulden; Hanna Elizabeth Chambliss, born 1838, died 1922, married Lewis P. Grey; Rebecca Ann Chambliss, born 1845, alive in 1935, married Joseph William Luke; Bettie Chambliss; Joseph Ellerbe Chambliss, born 1843, died 1916; Thomas Chambliss, born 1848; Catherine Odel Chambliss, born 1849, married John Price Royal; Charles Mallory Chambliss, born 1852, died 1923; William Ellerbe Chambliss, born 1836, died 1887, married Louisa Jane Jones.

Also any information on the following children of W. E. Chambliss and his wife Louisa Jane Jones of Vicksburg, Mississippi: William Jones Chambliss, born 1860, married Bettie S. Campbell in 1888 in Higgensville, Missouri. She was the daughter of Frank Alexander Campbell, Dover, Missouri, and a direct descendant of the founder of the Campbellite Church. Alec Chambliss, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mollie Chambliss, married Edward Turk, Anderson, Missouri; "Lute" Lullie Chambliss, married Silas Boyer, Chicago, Illinois; Robert Chambliss; Florence Chambliss, married Frederick Giesecke Anderson, Missouri. Any information will be of great help to me.—Landon B. Chambliss, Route 1, Cave City, Kentucky 42127

Ticer

Would like to hear from all Ticer families and related families. My great-grandfather was Hugh Clark Ticer, born May 3, 1831 (family tradition is Tennessee; 1880 census shows Alabama); married Sarah Caroline Rorie, born February 6, 1834 in Tennessee. Both died in Stone County, Arkansas.

Have not been able to trace Hugh Clark Ticer beyond the Civil War. Neither have I been able to trace the origin of the name Ticer. The spelling was evidently changed by my great-grandfather, for it is said that all who spell the name as we do are related. Could have been changed by his grandfather, who is said to have been the first to come to America from Germany, possibly with the French Huguenots.

Will gladly exchange information that I have compiled on more than 450 descendants and with any Ticer descendants of Hugh Clark Ticer, with other descendants who have records of their families. Am especially interested in Bible records of early families.—Letha O. Blackard, Route 1, Primera Road, Box 75, Harlingen, Texas 78550

Valentine-Fowler

Would like information on Valentines. My father, Richard B. Valentine, was born in Missouri in 1858. He came to Texas as a small boy and settled around Grapevine and Fort Worth. Would also like information about some relatives, Tom and Lark Fowler, who settled around Fort Worth in the early days.—Charlie Valentine, Star Route 1, Box 27, Three Rivers, Texas 78071

Russell-Krewson

I would like to hear from anyone knowing any of my father's ancestors. His name was Edward Everett Russell. His mother's maiden name was Rebecca Morris Krewson. They lived near Bloomfield, Iowa in the 1860s. My grandfather was Nelson A. Russell. He died in 1874 and is buried at Bloomfield, Iowa.

I would also like to hear from anyone named Krewson. My grandmother's parents were Alexander D. and Julianna Krewson. I will answer all letters.—Vinia Martin, 2445 SW 29, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73119

Woodruff

Does any reader know about a Tom Woodruff who was a messenger (riding shotgun) in Aurora, Nevada in September 1880? Anything about his relatives or close friends would be appreciated. Also does anyone know of any Woodruffs or Seals who moved from New Jersey or Pennsylvania to the West?—Clifford L. Woodruff, Route 3, Box 50, Washington, New Jersey 07882

Hethcox

I am trying to locate relatives of Thomas (Tom) Hershel Hethcox, born February 9, 1876 in Wood County, Texas. He married Francis Alice Johnson July 3, 1901 in Ravia, Oklahoma, Indian Territory. He died April 5, 1918 in Wellington, Texas.

Thomas' father's name was John Wesley Hethcox. His mother's name (as far as we know) was Mattie Harris. Harris was from a previous marriage. Thomas had brothers, Aff or Abb and George and a sister called Sissy Wells.

George's wife was named Sally and they had a son, Hunter, and a daughter, Willie. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of these people I hope will please write.—Mrs. Jimmie M. Hethcox, Route Box 35, Hanover, New Mexico 88041

The great horse herds are about gone; men to whom they
them at the same time, are about gone. Here's Reil
frills...

RUNNIN

Kid Vaughn (wearing angora chaps) in New Mexico, no date.

"A fat hog would stand just as good a chance of running down a greyhound as a domestic horse, carrying a rider, has of running down a wild horse." (*Autobiography of a Pioneer*, Floyd B. Small, 1916).

Researchers estimate that wild free-roaming horses on the western plains numbered two to eight million by 1875. Rounded up by the tens of thousands for every possible use between that time and the mid-1900s, the wild horse herds decreased dramatically.

Mechanization was used almost exclusively in the last years of horse running but there remained a special breed of cowboy, a man who usually could outwit the craftiness of a wild horse and humanely return to camp with an animal that would meet a rancher's every equestrian need. A few of those original horsemen are still alive to remember the days of corral traps and running the horses down. A few even attempted to crease the horses, with varied success.

Reil Chew and his family were homesteaders in northwestern Colorado, where they raised horses for riding, the cavalry, and other purposes around the Douglas Mountain—Blue Mountain areas. As with other homesteaders, they had to fight both severe weather and disease.

Kid Vaughn (arrow) poses with some wrangler friends.

"Now the time that I was in there [twenty-five years], that disease [sleeping sickness] hit us at least four times. There's many of them that's kind of immune to those diseases, and it goes on by. But every four or five years we'd lose approximately half the herd, half the horses we had. . . . We'd take care of the stallions in the winter-time but then, good God, they'd die like flies.

"I would get hold of a horse, and he'd start to break out to be a real horse; then that s-o-b disease would hit him and he'd be dead in three days!"

Reil still remembers one January around Brown's Park. Jack Chew, his wife, and eleven children (including Reil) lived along Cottonwood Creek. Mrs. Chew had just had a new baby girl, who had not lived through the night. Mr. Chew had gone for help for his wife.

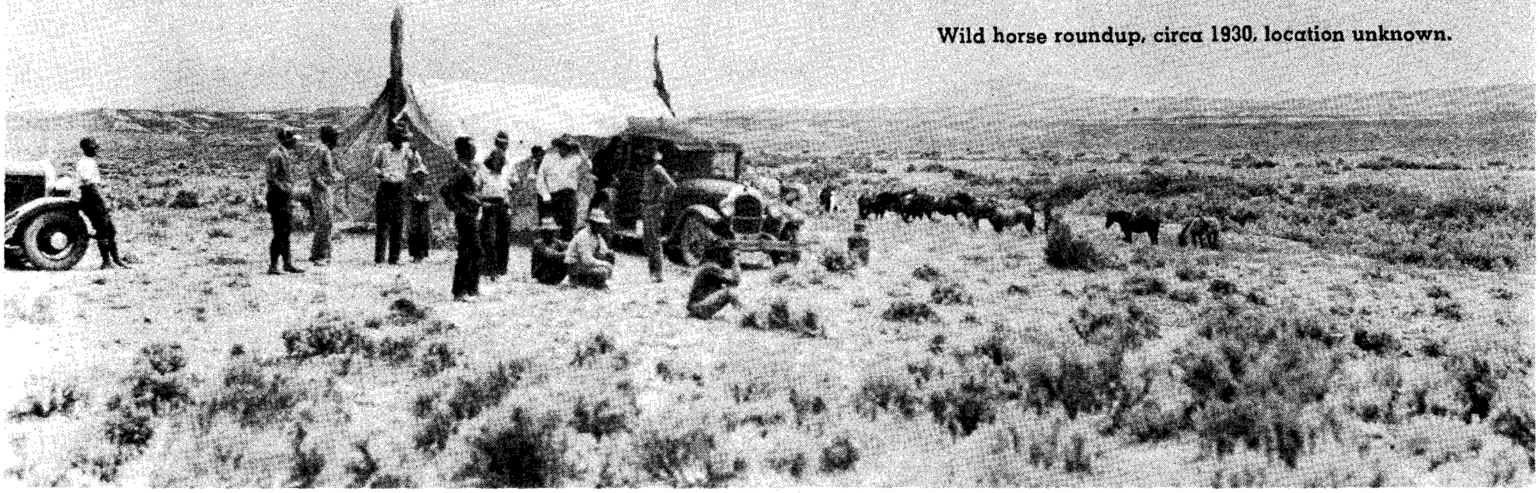
Reil was among the children who arranged the burial in that remote part of the wilderness. "My brother," Reil said, "the one that buried her, was probably the only man in the world that could come near to finding the place. But right here is where that baby's buried. It's just the same now as it was then. Of course, that's going back to 1905. I was right there while he was diggin' the grave, doing one thing or another.

"He had one of these long-handled spades. The hole was only so long and so wide—just a square hole. I figger that four feet is about the distance he got

represented a living and who could admire and hate Chew's picture of what mustanging was like—without

WILD

By AL KANIA
Photos Courtesy Author



Wild horse roundup, circa 1930, location unknown.

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department

Kid Vaughn, winner of the championship belt in bronc riding at Denver in the early 1900s.

down. But there was no rocks, no headstone—there was never no nothing put up there.

"One of my younger brothers, Old Ralphie, said she was buried in a shoebox. But I say we used an old blue stool that us kids would ride—you know, kind of buckin' around on it—it was made good and solid. Well, the Bassetts had a horse that they called Huey and we called that blue stool Huey.

"We had a box that we'd put five to ten pounds of dried fruit into, and I believe that box fit right over that stool—turning the wrong side up so that the legs were up in the air. I think that's what was used for a top. I may be mistaken about that part, but I'm not mistaken about the stool. I followed my brother as he carried that baby up there. He just took hold of the legs of the stool and lowered her down.

"Ralph says you could see that grave from an old dug-out in the hill where we lived. She was buried about 300 yards from it, maybe not that far."

THE Chews raised horses. Often their breeding stock was surrounded by waiting stallions hoping to steal the prize mare.

"Three or four would be there together. They'd just go there at night and divide the mares up and take them away. We had some difficulty with the wild horses, and we sometimes shot them like they was coyotes. I know my dad got a letter from the State of Colorado telling him that those horses belonged to the State, and this was a complaint that was sent in. Dad just laughed and sent back words that were rough. 'Mister,' he wrote, 'you just have the State take care of those stallions. The State compels me to take care of *my* stallions, so you have the State take care of *theirs*. If the State doesn't, I will for them!' "

The Chews and others of that day chased wild horses—either for sport, or for obtaining a particularly good-looking animal. The most adventurous method was to chase after a wild horse while mounted (usually the mount was a broken wild horse, also). Generally the odds were stacked against the rancher. The quarry was still wild and free; the rancher's mount was handicapped with the weight of a saddle and rider.

A man around the Douglas Mountain area had a fine looking horse that was running wild out on Blue Mountain. He offered $50 as a reward for capturing that horse. Reil Chew explained why.

"He was some horse. He had a great big white stripe on his face and the saddle marks was on him. He was gentle when you held him—any little kid could handle him or ride him, or do anything with him. He was a horse weighing around 1,100 pounds and we sure wanted to get hold of him.

"But you'd slip out there and keep kind of on the wind and think you were going to jump him. When he saw you coming he'd just put his head in the air and whistle a couple of times and then strike straight at you. He'd go right past you, say within eighty or ninety yards, and pull on out the other way. And if you started taking him the other way and stayed anywhere near him, he'd shove off four or five miles at a pretty good lick. So you go that way and he'd double off the other way. He'd never go the way you was tryin' to drive him!"

Then, with a bit of regret in his voice, Reil Chew added, "We shot him after we had been there about five years. Hateful s-o-b! Old Quince—Quincie we called him."

WHEN the Chews and other ranchers wanted to round up a large herd of wild horses, more men would have to be added to the roster, and corral traps were added to their chores. Many of these old corral traps are still standing, along with the memories of hundreds of horses being caught in them.

Reil remembers another incident back then: "They built a corral west of Ralph's place there, called the Corner Spring Trap. I understand they put about 800 head in there. They had a little fence that went to the bluff; in that way they had about a section and a half fenced. When they jammed everything in that section with those cowboys, the horses started running back up towards the ledge and Dad tried to get up there to try and stop them."

Jack Chew was quite elderly at the time. (He lived to be 102 years of age.) In the face of 800 wild horses charging at him and with the edge of the bluff at his back, Jack Chew tried every way possible to turn the panic-struck herd:

"He just got to shootin' those horses as they come at him," Reil said, "and it kind of turned them back into the corrals. But they just smashed the far corral [fence] and marched right on through there. I guess Dad never wound up with a horse."

VIRGIL VAUGHN now lives in Clifton, Colorado. He used to work on cattle and sheep ranches throughout northwestern Colorado. His dad was the celebrated World's Bronc Riding Champion, "Kid" Vaughn. Virgil was young at the time, but remembers those days when Kid Vaughn rounded up wild horses from the same area of which Reil Chew spoke.

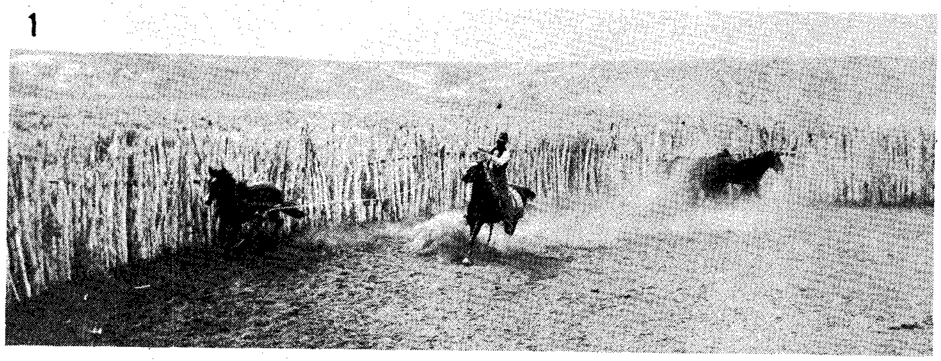
"I've worked with cattle practically all of my life. All the big outfits around Hayden and Meeker—I guess I worked for just about all of them, and broke lots of horses. Wild horses have a lot more bottom. Some of the best horses I ever rode were wild horses.

"I've tried to water-trap horses and I've caught quite a lot of them. But you've got to have them on a toggle and if they ever get in the cedars, why you cripple them. It don't pay. You have to kill them.

"One type of toggle consisted of a log chain three feet long tied with leather to the forelegs of the horse. When the horse sprang to his feet and tried to gallop, the swinging chain encircled his forelegs, tripping the horse and causing him to somersault. The other toggles were similar in principle.

"My dad had two of the best bucking horses in northwestern Colorado, I guess. He and his brother made a living running wild horses at $7.50 a head. They gathered those horses in the lower country around Brown's Park and delivered them in Craig. They just caught them and sewed their nostrils shut, and turned them loose. You can get up to one pretty quick if they can't get any air.

1



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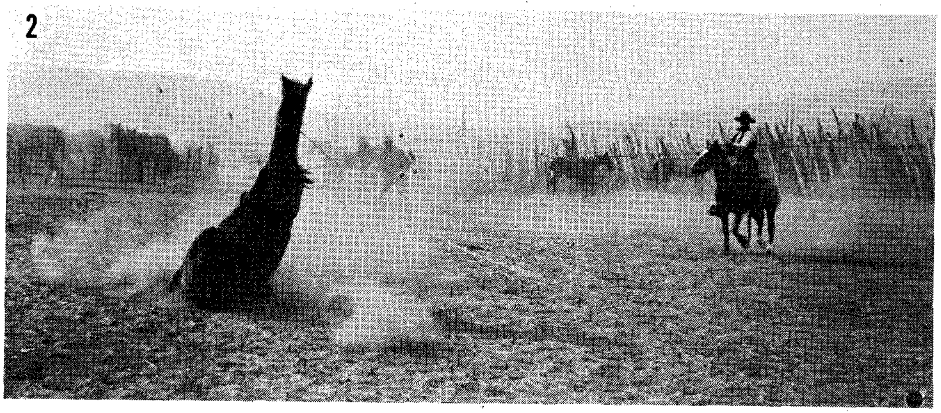
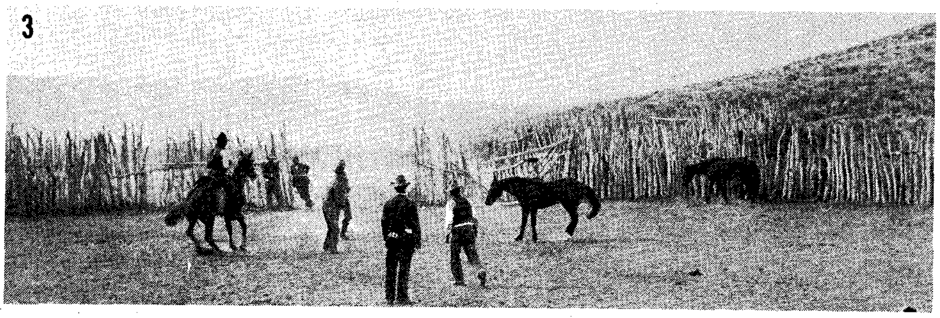


This series of four photos shows the sequence of events in the corral. The wild horses were corralled by Kid Vaughn near Craig, Colorado about 1900. In photo number 1, an animal is singled out for branding and roped. 2. The rope breaks as the horse goes down. Kid Vaughn on horseback. 3. The animal is re-caught, as the dally men get ready on foot. 4. The downed horse is tied and dragged off to be branded.

3



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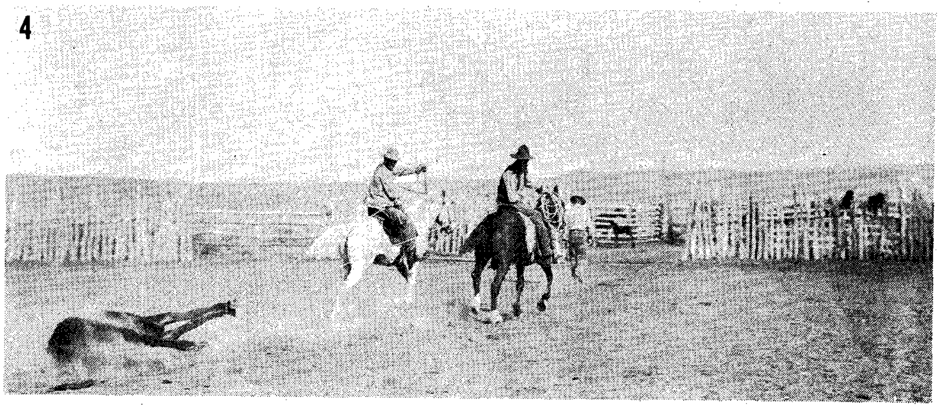

"One fellow caught lots of horses and he was alone most of the time. He sold many to the Two-Bar on Snake River up above Brown's Park.

"He'd get a bunch of horses in a trap and just front-foot them with toggles. He'd take a piece of piñon about 18"-20" long and take a bit and bore two holes through that log. Then he'd shave out a place to shape it around their legs and put a rope through one hole and out through the other end and cut it off.

"That toggle will turn on that leg and it will just knock the other foot out from under them. And when they reach up with the hind foot, it will hit that one too. The horse can't go anyplace. He delivered a lot of them horses down there on Douglas to the Two-Bar, all by himself. He just drove them with the toggle on them. That didn't hurt them none; it burned them, of course, but they didn't pay no attention to that."

The use of corral traps is as old as the recent history of the wild horse. Zebulon Montgomery Pike in 1806 wrote a graphic description of a trap roundup in Texas that had gone wrong.

"The method pursued by the Spaniards in taking them is as follows: They take a few fleet horses and proceed into the country where the wild horses are numerous. They then build a large strong enclosure with a door which enters a smaller enclosure: from the entrance of the large pen they project wings out into the prairie a great distance, and then set up bushes . . . to induce the horses, when pursued, to enter into these wings. After these preparations are made they keep a look out for a small drove, for, if they unfortunately should start too large a one, they either burst open the pen or fill it up with dead bodies, and the others run over them and escape; in which case the party is obliged to leave the place, as the stench arising from the putrid carcasses would be insupportable; and, in addition to this, the pen would not receive others.

"Should they, however, succeed in driving in a few, say two or three hundred, they select the handsomest and youngest, noose them, and take them into the small enclosure, then turn out the remainder; after which, by starving, preventing them taking repose, and continually keeping them in motion, they make them gentle by degrees and finally break them to submit to the saddle and bridle. For this business I presume there is no nation in the world superior to the Spaniards of Texas."

Virgil Vaughn remembers an incident of horse runners' trying to duplicate the talents of more experienced mustangers: "An old fellow who lived over on Snake River caught an awfully nice bunch of wild horses in what he called Logging Spring—that's on Douglas. He was alone and he kind of water-trapped them. He went over there one morning and found them and slammed the gate on them; but he didn't know how to take them out. So he got a bunch of gunny sacks and blindfolded them.

"Well, it was just like a bunch of birds. They just hit those cedars and knocked themselves down and knocked their eyes out. He never saved a horse. That's what so many do—they cripple them and don't know it. I was glad to see that law passed to stop them from running those poor little devils. They have a hard enough time trying to live without people shootin' at them.

"I don't believe the law would bother anyone who was catching horses to use. I know one incident just below Rangely that made me pretty mad. An outfit moved in there and told some kids from a family that had roped wild horses all their lives, that they'd give them $7.50 for each pair of ears they'd bring in. They killed hundreds of wild horses in there, and that kind of gets me."

Wild horse running was once an art and there were thousands of them to work with. But times have changed. The old mustangers have been replaced by mechanization. Respect and admiration for wild free-roaming horses is gone.

Reil Chew had a great admiration in his voice when he related the story about the horse he shot on the plains after five years of chasing him—"hateful s-o-b. Old Quince—Quincie." But mustanging as an art lives only with gentlemen such as Reil Chew and Virgil Vaughn, and in old Western movies.

Old West Recaptured

Authentic photographs from the Wyoming State Archives and the Union Pacific collection were selected for this Photo Portfolio which recaptures the exciting history of Wyoming and the West. This series of six beautiful 16" x 20" browntoned reproductions of photographs dating from as early as 1868 is a collector's item. The unique portfolio is available through the Wyoming Bicentennial Commission for only $5.15 tax included.

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Good to the Last Ounce

(Continued from page 28)

ounce of gold or silver to be mined, it was business as usual.

Of course, there was one "business" that had never been usual—the underground railroad that was used as an escape route for Chinese coolies. Smuggled into the country for cheap labor, the Chinese were drawn to Congress by rumors of offered help. Once there, they were hidden in the basement of the general store, which soon got the nickname "Chinaman's den."

The den was reached by a trapdoor underneath the blacksmith shop and from there, under cover of darkness, Chinese laborers made their way out through a 500′ tunnel which opened into a field behind the business district. Once out of town, they made their way to various Arizona towns. This venture was as successful as all the others in Congress, which had picked itself up from the ashes and was once again one of the most prosperous and well managed camps in the Territory.

In May 1900 it was honored by a visit by President William McKinley. The President had stayed a day in Phoenix and before making a whistle-stop at Tucson, he took the train up to Congress and was given a tour of the mine. His wife accompanied him and was given a small gold bar as a souvenir. His trip was the highlight of the year for Congress, but he disappointed the rest of the Territory when he failed to even mention statehood for Arizona.

Not every visitor found Congress a pleasant stopover. Editor Paul Hull expressed his feelings about his visit there in the *Arizona Graphic*. "I know now what it means to go to hell in a handbasket, and the author of the classic phrase got the idea in an ore car while going down the shaft of a mine." But Hull never got to ride in a car. "We had to hang on the endgate, with our feet on the axle, like small boys stealing a ride on a farm wagon. And we had to keep our heads on a level with our knees to save our addled brains from the low roof of the shaft. . . . Oh, it was fun!"

For Hull, "There is little about the

(Continued on page 35)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

AS IT WAS THEN

Women and young girl readers will get a kick out of *A Pocket in a Petticoat* (Exposition Press, $4.00), the memoirs of a pioneer country girl growing up in the Kaw Valley in Kansas, by Florence E. Barrett, editor of *Women in Business*. The writer describes country living during the time when long-handled underwear provided major protection against colds and chilblains. The country store often served as post office, courthouse and mayor's office. One room schoolhouses prevailed. Picnics, family dinners, and schoolhouse dances were the major social events. This is a true story of a clubby family with parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles and children performing their respective roles. Those interested in rural nostalgia will enjoy the details of pioneer living where inventiveness was required to farm, cook, provide clothing, quilt, make soap, churn butter and outsmart the weather. This is an entertaining book which also includes incidents about the funny side of life.

* * *

A charming book, *We Three Came West* (Tofua Press, 10457 Roselle St., San Diego, $10.00) reveals the 1870-1880 California experiences of Don Graham, his wife Margaret and her sister Jennie Collier. A Bloomington, Illinois attorney, Don Graham married Margaret Collier of Keokuk, Iowa and within a short time, the pair and Margaret's sister moved to Oakland, California in search of a dry climate that would heal Don's tuberculosis. Friends recommended the climate around Los Angeles. Their further searches took them to Anaheim, back to Los Angeles and finally to Pasadena. Times were hard, money was scarce and help from the girl's parents kept them going for a year or two until Don's health improved and income from a mail-carrying contract helped family finances. Citrus, walnut and grape growing plus poultry raising were the developing agricultural pursuits which the young people dabbled in. Finally Don made a strike in the real estate market and the family built "Wynate," a large home with several porches, gables and ornate geometrically arranged rooms. By this time Margaret was earning money as a writer for California and national newspapers and magazines. Subject matter for the book came from the extremely literate letters exchanged between the Grahams and Jennie with relatives and friends. Fortunately many of these letters were found in a family attic by two of Margaret's great-nieces, Helen Raitt and Mary Collier Wayne, who have edited this volume of historic interest.

* * *

No Coward Soul (Iowa State University Press, $5.95) by Vesta O. Robbins has the nostalgic quality of an old-fashioned melodrama. The true saga of Susan Wyatt begins in 1838 when she left her home in Cabell County, Virginia with her brand new groom, the handsome Jabe Wyatt. Jabe had a restless foot and homesteaded claims in different places during halting travels to Iowa, their final home. They lost two older children from pneumonia from exposure following a devilish tornado that tore their new log cabin in two and snatched the youngest child from Susan's arms. Scary Indian raids were also a common form of harassment. Hard times frowned on them; food, clothing and money were scarce but mainly through Susan's ingenuity and labors, the family survived as children increased to five. Suspicious of Jabe's unexplainable absences, particularly at night, Susan followed her husband to the nearest village. There she peeked in the window of a house which Jabe had entered and saw him embracing a willing and cuddly widow. She denounced him in front of the widow and returned home. With the aid of her older children, Susan reared her family and later married a congenial man, father of her last child. This daughter is the mother of Vesta Robbins who has written the biography of her courageous grandmother. Very good.

WESTERNERS ALL!

In *The Westerners* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $17.95) the author, Dee Brown, used the rather unusual approach of selecting individuals to tell the story of the various types of Westerners. Coronado, for example, stars for the numerous Spanish explorers; Jed Smith for the mountain men-pathfinders; Catlin for the numerous artist-explorers; Gregg for the traders of the trail; Goodnight for the cowmen and so on. Custer, Teddy Roosevelt, James Marshall, Butterfield, Ben Holladay, Ann Eliza (Mrs. Brigham-Number 19) Young, Sitting Bull, and Sutter are among other Westerners getting top billings. The numerous illustrations, including many in color, add much to the pleasure of the readers. Bingham, Catlin, Miller, Remington and Russell are among the Western artists represented and the well chosen photos round out the pictorial record. Maps, a chapter by chapter bibliography and an index further enhance an entertaining text. Recommended.

GUIDE TO GAME

North American Big Game Hunting (Winchester Press, $10.00) by Byron W. Dalrymple is a fat illustrated guidebook that should provide for the needs of those planning to become big game hunters. Professional photographer, author and big game hunter, Dalrymple has stalked deer and peccaries in Texas; deer and elk in Montana; and caribou, moose, Rocky Mountain goats, bear and bighorn sheep in Alaska. Tables on deer numbers show that, contrary to the understanding of many, more deer are produced on privately owned land of the Great Plains than in the West, East and South. Michigan and Pennsylvania have more Virginia deer than any other state. Oregon and Utah claim the highest number of mule deer. The book is replete with basic facts on hunting techniques, trophy judgments, big game outfitters, rifles, camping and other equipment, judging game country, game senses and hunting tactics and other hints for bagging wild meat. There are numerous black and white photographs covering the foregoing subjects. Recommended.

MORE LOST GOLD?

Peter Odens, dean of the modern desert rats, has spent years digging up facts, legends and folklore about the deep southwest desert. His latest publication, *Imperial Valley's Lost Gold* (Southwest Printers, Arizona Avenue, Yuma, Arizona 85364, $1.50) is a biography of one of Pete's running mates, Paul Gillett, a prospector, miner and desert dweller of many years. We learn much about the arid Imperial Valley from glacial period to the present. Once an upper extension of the Gulf of Lower California, the foaming Colorado of the glacial period filled the ancient embayment with upstream sediments and lower channel cuttings and pushed the gulf south to near its present site. Indians made their homes around the ancient sea and subsequent desert for thousands of years. Since 1849, gold hunters have been tunneling and placer mining with varying degrees of success and irrigation from the Colorado River during this century has transformed part of the desert into a veritable Garden of Eden. There is considerable information about Paul Gillett's gold mining experiences plus tales of many others who placer mined Imperial Valley gold with both dry and wet processes. No treasure tale would be complete without lost or buried gold. Pete doesn't disappoint the reader on this score because he has some live legends about lost Spanish gold bars and other valuables. This one belongs in the desert visitor's portfolio of reference material. Best of all, go see Pete.

Good to the Last Ounce

(Continued from page 33)

mines to interest the sightseer, but to the intellectual pervert, whose robust physical constitution and diseased imagination permit him to find pleasure in a railroad wreck or hotel fire—to that large class of human idiots . . . there is unlimited joy at Congress. . . ."

Congress might have been hell to an outsider, but so long as there was gold or silver left, miners stayed and the camp thrived. Not until 1905 did the mine start its decline; as the ore decreased, so did the population. By 1910 underground work was no longer profitable and the Congress Consolidated Mines, Ltd. was closed.

The town clung to life for thirty years, with a handful of desert dwellers keeping the post office running in its name. Then in 1938 with the town of Congress Junction growing up by the railroad station, Congress officially died. The post office closed and Congress Junction changed its name to Congress.

Picked over by treasure hunters and relic collectors, all that remains of the mining camp-turned-ghost town are a few charred ruins rising lopsidedly against the desert landscape. but for the hundred or so residents of the new Congress, nee Congress Junction, there still is heard from time to time the echo of the rumbling thunder of a forty-stamp mill.

The Fresh Air Cure

(Continued from page 23)

THE high, dry air of Colorado Springs, the "City of Sunshine," was the place to go in those days if you had tuberculosis. About eleven miles northwest of there in Mount Cedar Valley, the Modern Woodmen of America, a national organization, opened its sanitorium on January 1, 1909. The purpose of the $1,500,000 institution was to give free care and treatment to members afflicted with consumption.

The main building housed more than 200 male patients in varying stages of the disease. In addition, fifty men occupied the tent city established by Dr. Gardiner on the grounds of the sanitorium. It wasn't until December 1930 that the first woman was allowed to enter the sanitorium as a patient.

The idea of having tubercular patients live the year around in tents was that there was no other way to come close to living entirely outside. After I was put to bed for the night I used to go to my father's workshop and watch him while he designed the canvas tent which was to assure the patients of a constant supply of fresh air no matter what the weather. He also made an accurate model for me to play with.

Dr. Gardiner had quite a few private patients with tents in their yards as well as screened-in sleeping porches. However, I don't think other sanitoriums used the type of tent my father invented because they didn't have the space the Woodmen had.

Sometimes the wind blew the tents down, and for a time they were constructed with partial wooden sides and a floor. But it must have become increasingly evident that tents in any form were impractical as well as miserable for ill people to live in. Eventually, octagonal all-wooden structures replaced them, and the area became well known as "Cottage City."

Much later Dr. Gardiner would say that fresh air did have some advantages, even if it hadn't actually cured tuberculosis. "Fresh air and sunshine don't hurt anybody," he pointed out. "It doesn't make any difference what you've got, they will do you good!"

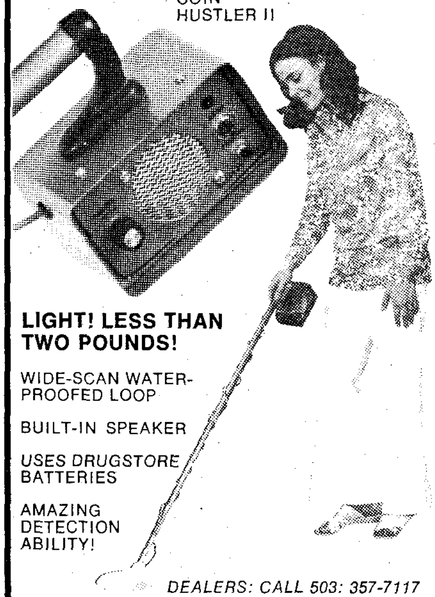
Some of the patients, he said, lived in cities closed away from fresh air and sunshine, and the fresh air alone would have cured them. For some of them, to simply get away from their poor living habits and have a rest was beneficial. In the meantime, Raynor and I suffered from his enthusiasm for the healthy aspect of sleeping outside, although Dr. Gardiner and his wife occupied a snug bedroom.

Mother had died from tuberculosis and my father thought that outdoor sleeping the year around would keep us children from getting the illness. We slept in special garments made with feet in them to try to keep warm. They were made of cloth similar to the "silence" cloth under a tablecloth, and had bonnets attached. Until two years before I was married I slept in them; then I rebelled. What we went through for nothing!

Through the years it never cost members of the Modern Woodmen of America more than four cents a month, or forty-eight cents a year to build, maintain and operate their sanitorium. They closed it in April of 1947 because of the decrease in prevalence of tuberculosis. The property was purchased in July 1950 by the Poor Sisters of St. Francis Seraph, an order of Catholic Nuns, who are the present owners.

With the closing of the sanitorium, the little cottages were sold. But they can still be seen dotting the Pikes Peak Region serving a variety of uses—storage sheds, playhouses and souvenir shops.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code. OLD WEST, published quarterly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner. P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 184,368; last single issue: 183,000. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 78,648; last single issue: 77,882. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 9,230; last single issue: 8,593. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 87,878; last single issue: 86,475. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Average copies distributed during last twelve months to news agents but not sold: 94,990; last single issue: 95,025. Average total distribution last twelve months: 183,368; last single issue: 182,000. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 30, 1974.



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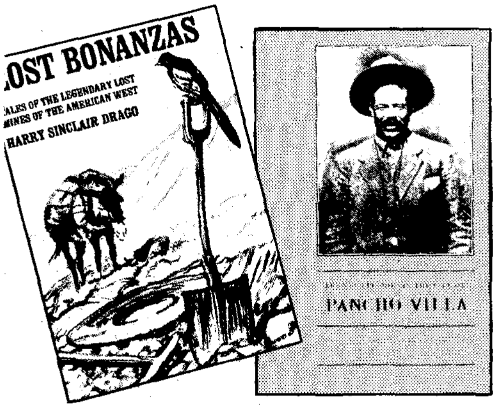

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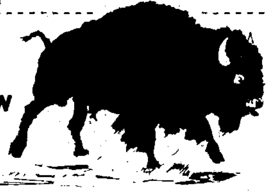

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The Sun Comes Up; The Sun Goes Down . . .

(Continued from page 17)

every morning at eleven o'clock but it was already five o'clock in the afternoon and no train showed up. Later a special news report originating in Alamosa, Colorado stated that the passenger train with fifty passengers aboard was snowbound on top of Cumbres Pass and fears were being felt for their safety. The train happened to be stuck in a huge snowdrift quite near the little railroad station and telegraph office at the 11,000-foot summit of the pass. Mr. Lively, the agent, was able to send out periodic messages describing the plight of the train and its passengers.

On the morning of the fourth day, the Chama populace was beginning to experience some real anxiety about the safety of the people on the train despite the fact that it had stopped snowing in Chama with the three feet of snow on the level predominating and twenty below zero weather having crusted the snow to a depth of twenty inches.

When fear for the safety of those people was at its height a news flash came over the crackling radio with the announcement that a rotary plow from Alamosa was on its way to free the snowed-in train, and that another snow plow had been dispatched from Durango (which the populace of Chama heard go through the town later). Fear began to subside then, even though there was still considerable concern about the food and heat situation on the train.

By nightfall of that fourth day the little snow-encrusted D and RG coal-burning steam engine huffed and puffed and belched black smoke and pulled its cargo into the Chama railroad station. Roy Ogle, the diminutive station agent, stood three feet in snow awaiting its arrival. The engine looked like a rolling snowball with only the stack being clear of snow. White steam was hissing from the cylinders and black coal smoke was boiling from the stack. The scene was photographed by Pathe newsmen who had battled their way through the deep snow from Santa Fe.

All was bedlam as the passengers descended from the little coaches to be met by crying relatives and friends. It turned out that no one had actually suffered from lack of food while aboard the train even though the supply had dwindled to coffee and onions—with the coffee becoming quite a problem because of the lack of hot water. The passengers had had to resort to melting snow and heating it on a little monkey stove in the baggage car as long as a few articles could be found to burn in the stove. The engine had long since used up its coal supply, and the crew had resorted to burning the few fence posts alongside the railroad track. People aboard the train were bundled up in everything obtainable and all of them came through the ordeal okay except for a few cases of frostbite.

Doctor Dunham was on hand when the train came in and he diligently looked to the comfort of the passengers where medical attention was necessary. I think every home in Chama that evening had as guests from one to two and three people from the stranded train. The little town and its people were ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand.

THE Penitente brethren were very numerous and very active in the Chama area and their *moradas* (chapels), hidden away in remote spots in the mountains around Chama, were especially busy places during Holy Week. The Penitente followers were a carry-over from early-day Spain where personal flagellations served as a means of obtaining soul cleansing and forgiveness of sins of the year past, and to emulate Christ's suffering during Calvary. The practice became widespread among the Spanish colonies in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado during the period when the church had few clergymen in their midst. This was following the Indian massacres of many priests in New Spain in the 17th century. With no priest to officiate at births and funerals and without any spiritual leadership the colonists resorted to personal practices covering those necessities. When the church sent in Franciscan priests in later years the Penitente practice was so ingrained among the Spanish settlers that the church found great difficulty in bringing the members back into the

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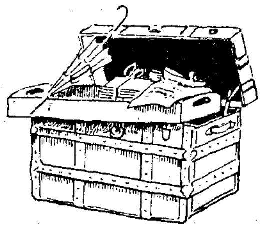

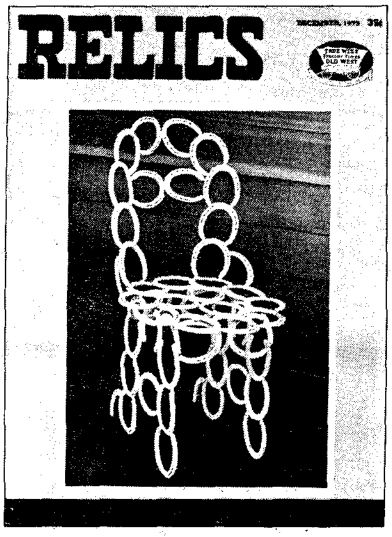

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fold, and that situation remained a long time afterward. Even today some semblance of Penitente practices can be found in the remote mountain areas of northern New Mexico and southern Colorado.

At the time I went to Chama there were quite a few Penitentes who still observed Lent with secret rituals in their *moradas*. The Franciscan pastor at the parish church at Park View was a huge man in stature and mentality. Father Myers was known by Catholics and non-Catholics alike as the "Voice in the Wilderness," partly because of his booming voice and partly because he was a recognized leader in the community. When any project or task became a necessity in the area, Father Myers automatically got the job to see it to its completion. And he always got the job done.

During one Holy Week Father hied himself to the *morada* locations in the nearby mountains and sought to prevail on the Penitente followers to forego their regular practices and instead attend mass at the parish church in Park View. But the Penitentes had other ideas, and in order to lessen Father's interference with their worship they incarcerated him inside one of the *moradas* and put an armed guard around the building.

After Father had been absent from his home two days, several of the regular parishioners became alarmed at his absence and spread the word that he was missing. Soon several came to the conclusion that he was a captive of the Penitentes because he had been heard to say that he was going up into the mountains to some of the Penitente leaders. No one among the group, however, felt brave enough to go into the stronghold and try to liberate the priest. Most of the Penitentes were known for their marksmanship with a rifle, and the locals felt for their skins.

Finally the news of Father's plight came to the attention of Dr. Dunham in Chama. Although the doctor had no religious obligation to go, his close friendship with the priest sufficed, and armed with a .30-30 Winchester rifle, Doctor Dunham took off for the hills where he thought Father Myers would be. But first, he made a public announcement that he was going to liberate the man, and if anyone had ideas about trying to stop him that s-o-b would get his head blown off. Nobody ever knew just who was a Penitente and who wasn't, but apparently there were some in Chama who passed the word on and Dunham effected the release of the priest from the Brazos Peak foothills and returned him to his home unharmed.

It was reported that when Dr. Dunham approached the *morada* where the priest was being held prisoner, an armed man blocked his entrance and threatened to shoot if he did not leave at once. That fairly infuriated Dr. Dunham and he brought the rifle into play and warned the guard that if he wanted to stay alive he had better step aside and let him proceed. Such was the case of two stalwarts in that isolated region —one of them a very religious man and the other a darn good country doctor.

MR. OGLE, the D & R G railroad agent, loafed a lot in the drug store during the summer evenings when the tourist season was at its height, and being a man who loved to tell big windies he regaled my customers about the Old West of an earlier day—sometimes bringing the present into focus with the past.

One evening when a man and his wife and three teen-age children were looking over the magazine rack in the store, the man turned to me and asked if we had had any trouble with the Indians of late. That was Mr. Ogle's cue to enlighten the gentleman about the dangers from the nearby Jicarilla Apache Indians whose reservation lay about twenty miles to the west. About a dozen of the Indians happened to be camped in tipis on the banks of the Chama River about two blocks from the drug store at that very minute, he would remark.

"You don't say? Is there any danger from them?"

"Can't tell," answered Ogle. "Most of the time they are peaceful. That is, unless ol' Gotch Eyes comes to town with the bunch. He's one of them renegade Apaches that comes to town now and then and takes what he wants. He always goes down to the Foster Hotel and takes over Room #10 without so much as asking permission of the hotel clerk or paying for the room, and if anyone tries to stop him he always flashes a long-bladed knife and scares off anyone trying to stop him. But he ain't hurt nobody lately."

"Did you say that guy stops at the Foster Hotel?" asked the tourist. "That's where we are staying and I am not so sure we want to stay in a hotel with that mad Indian hanging around." The family purchased several magazines and said they believed they would turn in, that they had had a long drive that day and all of them were tired. About thirty minutes after those people left the store they suddenly put in their appearance again and excitedly asked how far it was down to Santa Fe.

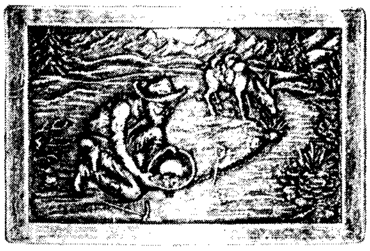
"They call it 117 miles," I answered.

"Well, that's where we are going this very night," the man vowed. Upon inquiring why the haste to leave town, especially at night with 117 miles of unpaved roads to traverse, the man replied, "We ran right into Gotch Eyes at the hotel when we returned there tonight and he looked meaner than the devil."

That ended the conversation and the man and his wife and kids left the store and got into their car and headed down the road toward Santa Fe. When Mr. Ogle heard about the happening of the night before, the next day, he thought it was funny as heck.

The Indian that the people saw at the hotel was a harmless half-witted Apache who did come to town now and then and take over room #10, but there was an agreement between the hotel management and the Indian Agent from the Reservation headquarters at nearby Dulce, New Mexico whereby he was to be allowed to occupy that room whenever he wanted to and the Indian Agency would pay the bill.

The Indian Agent at Dulce was named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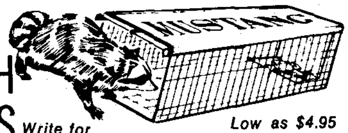

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Emmitt Wert and he was a throwback to the old days in that he wore a huge black hat with practically no crown and and eight-inch brim. Being a big man he loomed large and tall in that hat and when he came to town he was always dressed in black trousers, a white shirt with no collar but with a bright red handkerchief tied around his neck, and an empty pistol holster strapped around his fat belly. Emmitt never talked in a normal tone; instead, he seemed to try to project his voice clear across town when he came to Chama. Profanity was always generously interspersed in his vocabulary.

Emmitt and Dr. Dunham had a sort of understanding about greeting each other when the former came to town which entailed projecting their voices long distances spiced with choice cuss words. Upon entering the town's outer limits Emmitt would let out a wolf howl and yell, "Where are you, Doc, you old quack?"

If Dr. Dunham was in town he naturally would hear Emmitt's friendly call and his answer would sound something like, "Here I am, you old moth-eaten bum. Hope you choke on your lousy cigar stub before you leave town."

That sort of interchange between two good friends continued until they got together, at which time they would hie themselves to Pat Kelly's bar and wash their mouths out with whiskey.

All of this happened a long time ago. Lena and I return to Chama periodically. I seem to see ghostly forms of my old friends—long departed—strolling the streets. The town has not grown much down through the years in population, but modern motels and a few business establishments of a more pretentious appearance have sprung up. The little narrow gauge railroad has long since disbanded its services to northern New Mexico but a joint operation between New Mexico and Colorado, plus a lot of private work from individuals, have returned those facilities to the public by operating it as a tourist attraction. The frontier image remains—is really indelible. I never tire of going back to the old town and reliving my days as a pill roller.

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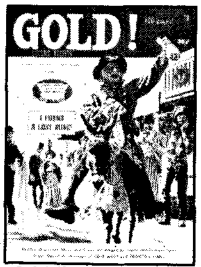
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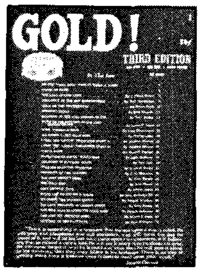
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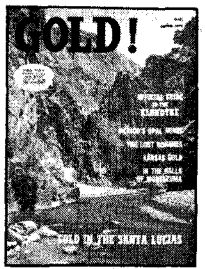
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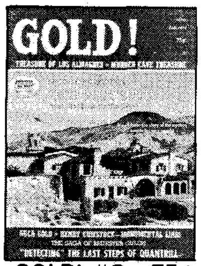
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HOT-HEADED TOM JAMES

By WALTER W. GANN

Photos Courtesy Author

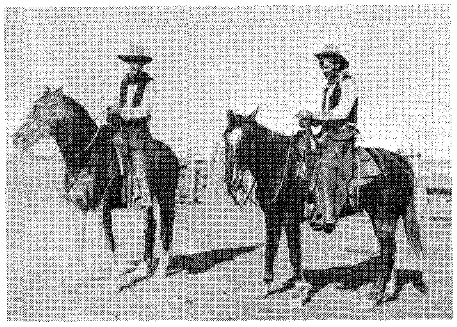
When a man has a big temper and a big mouth, he's just measuring himself for the boneyard

WHEN all was said and done—and looking backward—Tom James was not such a bad guy. He was right and I was wrong, but I couldn't see it that way at the time. I've had to admit to myself that I *was* actually chicken-livered in not having the courage or fortitude or guts—or whatever you want to call it—to perform a deed which was clearly my duty to do. If our positions had been reversed, I probably would have taken the same stand he did, but perhaps my reaction would not have been so harsh.

A hair-trigger temper and a habit of name-calling were Tom's principal drawbacks. Those traits almost put me in the hole, and in one instance came very near costing him his life. Because of the close-mouth silence maintained by Bill Cope and the Mexican, Lupe, it is doubtful if he ever knew what a close call he had.

In the spring of 1907 I went out into the trans-Pecos country of West Texas. I traveled by stage from Coleman to Baird, from Baird to Pecos by train, and thence to Fort Stockton by stage. My purpose was to look into filing for a homestead on some state school land which was becoming available, and I'd decided the best way to learn the lay of the land and the conditions of the country was to get a job with some cow outfit. I went prepared with boots, spurs, saddle and bedroll. I hired out to the Hat A outfit, owned by Arthur G. Anderson. The ranch lay some sixty miles south of Fort Stockton and about the same distance from Sanderson. John Trent, Mr. Anderson's nephew, was the wagon boss.

A severe drouth had plagued the region for more than a year and had forced removal of most of the cattle to other ranges. During the summer we drove two herds of about 1,800 head of mixed steers and dry she stuff in each herd to the plains along the New Mexico border. All the steers and old cows would go on eventually to market somewhere, and the young cows and heifers would be returned to the ranch when rain had produced enough grass to sustain them.



Walter Gann on left, other man unidentified.

There were nine of us cowhands besides John Trent, the boss, Hugh Bryan the horse wrangler, and a Mexican cook they called Cu-Cu. Three of the cowboys were Mexican also. The oldest and principal one of them was named Guadalupe. We called him Lupe for short. The night guard was run in three shifts of three hours each and with three men to each shift. John didn't stand regular guard, but he was always on hand to help in case of trouble such as a stampede, which happened quite often. In the ordinary course of things we disposed of that first herd on schedule.

WHEN we reached Fort Stockton on the return trip, two of the American boys quit the outfit, and John hired two fellows named Bill Cope and Tom James to take their places. Bill Cope was a local Fort Stockton boy and about my own age of nineteen. Tom James must have been twenty-five or older. I never knew where he came from or where he went to.

Tom didn't care for Mexicans in gen-

(Continued on page 49)

From left: Vernon Michaels; Walter Gann; Charlie Davis; Carl Whaley; "Deac" Michaels; Louis Gann, Roy Ishmael; Burt Ferrin; Chuck Michaels.

The Great Olney

(Continued from page 21)

had driven the soldiers to a hill where they were without water or food. Sure that they had the enemy at their mercy, they celebrated that night and did not notice until dawn that the soldiers had fled toward The Dalles. The first day Haller had sent a scout to Fort Dalles to tell of their plight and they were met by additional troops. But Major Haller did not turn back, and the Indians who had caught up with them escaped.

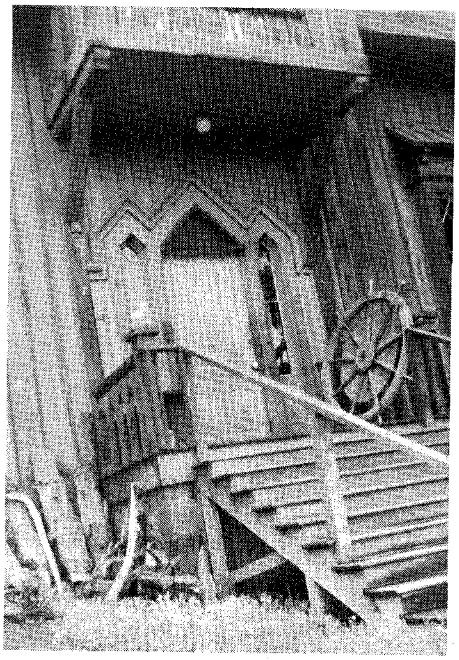
"They used to say that the soldiers buried a cannon before they escaped and when we were kids we hunted all over the battle area, finding bullets and arrowheads but no cannon. The battlefield became my nephew's home—he was the grandson of Sheridan."

The army was somewhat aroused by the disaster and gathered forces to make a long march up the Yakima River, with little results but mock skirmishes.

"It was up to the Volunteer forces to protect Governor Stevens who was in the eastern part of the Territory making treaties. His way home was cut off by hostile forces. Kamiakin's warriors were urging powerful Chief Peu Peu Mox Mox to all-out war and General Wool refused Stevens any aid. The Walla Walla chieftain had been friendly to the whites but my father knew what was in his head."

Nathan Olney went ahead of the Volunteer forces—this time as Indian agent—and ordered the Hudson's Bay men at Fort Walla Walla to throw all their ammunition in the river.

"Some folks criticized him for doing this, claiming he was making an enemy out of Peu Peu Mox Mox," George said, "but it wasn't long afterwards that the Indians left the fort in a shambles."



Front porch of the Army Surgeon's home.

Nathan Olney remained with the troops on their march and when Peu Peu Mox Mox, flanked by five of his men, appeared with a flag of truce and an offer to lead them to his camp and turn over fire arms, ammunition, and provisions as well as horses, Nathan insisted they take the chief and four men as hostages, with one carrying the promise back to his people.

"My father was criticized for this, too, but events proved him right. Their way led into a deep canyon and my father ordered a halt, sure that the troops were being led into ambush. He knew that the Chief had reason to hate the whites for they had shot his son without reason or mercy, and he had a strong force behind him. They turned their course back toward Waiilatpu after camping for the night.

"Events later proved my father was right. The Indians had aligned themselves along the canyon with rocks to hurl down, along with bullets."

The Volunteers moved into Frenchtown, a community of Hudson's Bay men and their Indian wives and families, to see hundreds of armed warriors sweeping down upon them. The enemy came in waves, firing and running back. The Volunteers prepared for a long siege with their prisoners under tight guard.

"During this time, Chief Peu Peu Mox Mox was killed and some historians say my father did the killing," George explained. "Also a Mr. Warfield and a Mr. Alexander have credited themselves with the deed. Some say my father shot the chief when he attempted escape, while those two men insisted each delivered the fatal blow with their gun butts. They used to carry a skull around the valley claiming it belonged to the chieftain. Next to Kamiakin he was the most important leader in the Northwest.

"Some claimed the Volunteers made merry at night cutting Peu Peu Mox Mox's skin into strips to make razor strops and that they cut off his ears and pickled them in alcohol to take back and pin up at Fort Dalles. However it was, my father would never be a party to such things."

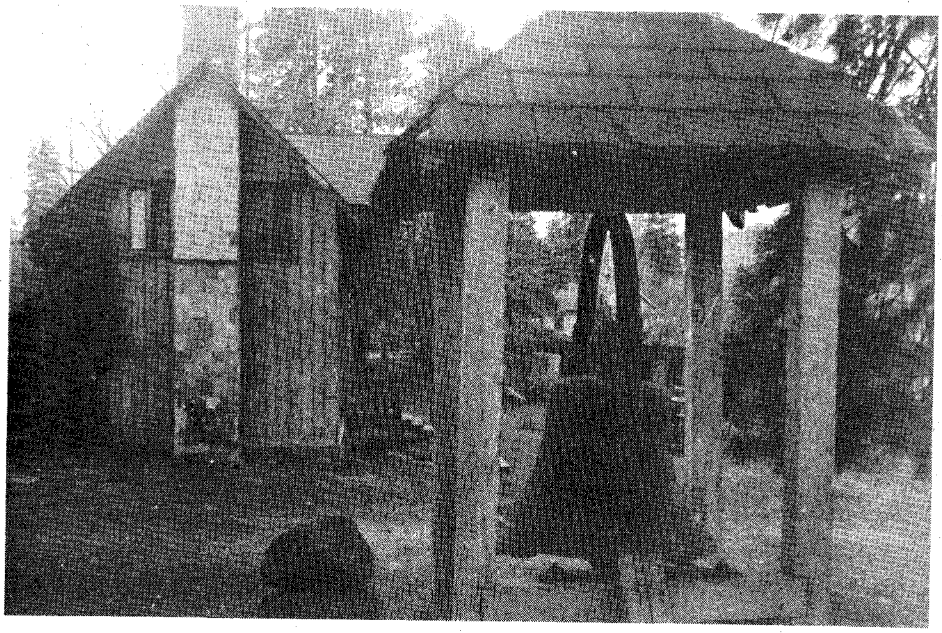
AS THE Indian attacks lessened, the soldiers moved out to follow them but then gave up as bitter cold set in. Stevens returned home safely because the Indians had lost heavily in horses and men in the battle and needed time to recuperate. But Stevens reached home to find coastal settlements under attack as well as a horrible massacre committed at the Cascades. The whole Territory seemed to be in a state of emergency.

The warfare between Stevens and Wool—who blamed the governor and his treaty-making for all the trouble—was in the open. The General insisted there was no part of the inland Northwest worth the saving or fit for white occupancy, and he ordered a cordon of forts built to hold the Indians in and the whites out. Colonel Wright, a ruthless Indian fighter, was assigned to choose the locations. He ordered the building of permanent posts at Mool Mool—the council grounds and gardens of the Yakimas; Fort Walla Walla near Waiilatpu; and the rebuilding of Fort Dalles. Major Garnett was given charge of Fort Mool Mool; Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe, Fort Walla Walla; and Captain Jordan, Fort Dalles.

Major Garnett rounded up a few Indians to hang on the giant oak tree at Fort Simcoe and went East to claim a bride, only to lose her and their infant son in the fever that beset the area. The Indians moved eastward and Steptoe's army barely missed massacre in a rather ignominious retreat following a battle with the Spokanes. Wright marched in with strong forces—the Army at last cognizant of reality—and with treachery and force captured and hanged Indian leaders and slaughtered hundreds of Indian ponies—thus breaking the back of Kamiakin's Confereracy.

The Dalles with its handsome new fort and growing civilian population had become a city of importance. Miners flocked into the area; steamboats shuttled the river; hotels were pretentious and gay; and the most important man—leader of

Jason Lee's church bell still hangs at the fort, but now in a new setting.



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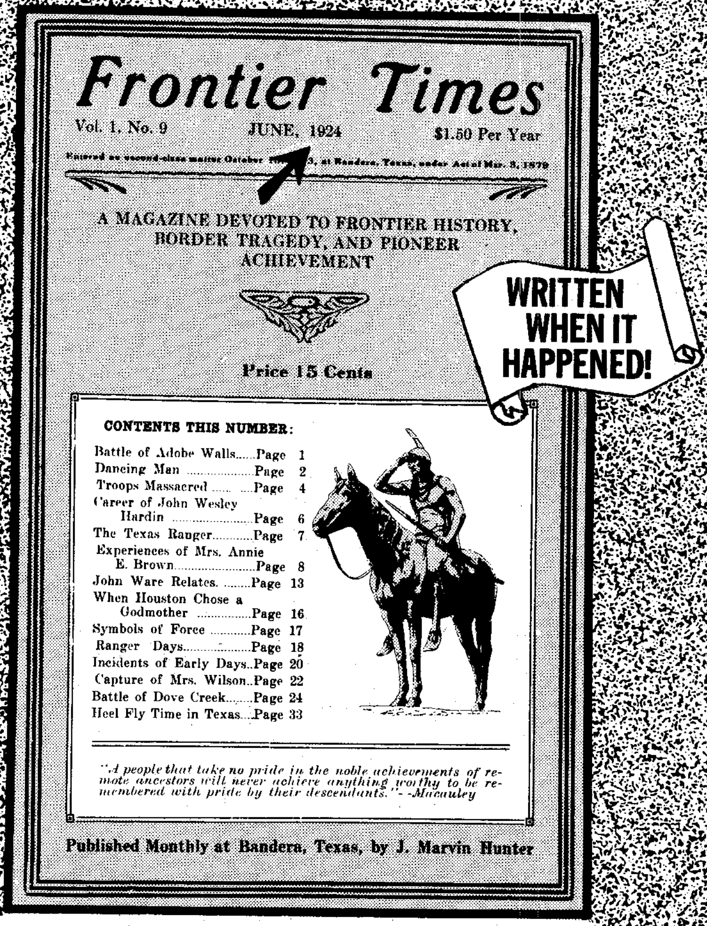

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the town and prosperous—was the so-called "Squaw Man," Nathan Olney. On occasion, he was openly snubbed, though Annette was probably the most attractive and capable lady in town.

Tired from battle, somewhat irrational at times from the arrow tip aggravating his head, Nathan was siezed with grandiose manners and dress, and in a moment of tragic confusion ordered a brokenhearted Annette back to her family.

Annette took their small daughter with her. Nathan kept Franklin by his side, proud of his handsome and precocious offspring. Records show Nathan married a white woman; divorced her in a month, and coming to his senses recalled faithful Annette and her baby daugher.

Nathan's older brother Cyrus, a successful lawyer and businessman, urged Nathan to rest for a while from his many duties by taking a trading vessel to the Sandwich Isles. He could combine business and pleasure. Realizing his decreasing strength and the need to leave his family in more independent circumstances, Nathan took the trip. Supposedly (according to historian Roscoe Sheller) Annette, whom he eventually married white man's style, left her family to go with him, delighted by the journey. She had adjusted herself well to her husband's life. They returned financially successful though Nathan still suffered moments of pain.

FOLLOWING the Indian wars Nathan's circuit-riding friend, James Wilbur, was given a position at Fort Simcoe which had been turned into an Agency for the Yakima Nation. Wilbur urged Nathan to take up allotments in the fertile Ahtanum area for his wife and children. This was not far from the Agency headquarters and was a center of civilization for the whole Yakima Valley. Both men were far-seeing investors—Wilbur in land on earth, as well as in heaven. Oregon had already become a state. He was a missionary-capitalist but a man of great industry and honesty. His era as an Indian agent was the most productive the Indians had ever known.

Winding up his affairs and leaving the city he had literally built, Nathan moved his family to their new home but lived only two short years to enjoy the peacefulness of it. The arrow point finally pierced his brain when he fell from his horse. He was forty-three years old. The Great Olney was gone but his sons lived long afterwards to become prominent men.

"We went to Wilbur's school at Fort Simcoe," George said. "My father was buried there in a meadow, and we were ever reminded of his greatness. My mother lived to be ninety-four years old, and she never let us forget it."

Down through the years Olneys have been judges, bankers, military officers, teachers, doctors, and artists—both men and women. Unfortunately, George was not alive in 1956 to see a bronze plaque placed on the gravestone of his illustrious father when Fort Simcoe celebrated its centennial and dedication as a State Park.

Chinese Porcelain

(Continued from page 11)

something besides a brine-encrusted mahogany plank. Occasionally the stark masts appeared out of the gray sea and white caps to accentuate their bitter disappointment. Huddled together they knew they were through, broke, barely alive, and starving for fresh meat and fruit. There was also the completely reasonable anxiety that they might be attacked by Indians. Spain's bloody record with the tribesmen had resulted in a legacy of terror for newer generations. However, the Indians around Drake's Bay were Digger Indians for the most part, not warlike.

It wasn't long before Sebastian Cermenho had organized his survivors, who began to salvage what they could while recuperating from their long ordeal.

After several weeks of labor they finished a makeshift open boat and sailed south, leaving behind the masts still protruding from the sunken *San Augustin.*

Cermenho made charts of the coast southward; however, and this is no fault of the great man, he made a geographical oversight which Pacific cartographers pondered for many years. He named this small bay San Francisco Bay, and the name was not corrected until Gaspar de Portola found the much larger bay in 1769 and thought it was the bay Cermenho had charted previously.

So San Francisco Bay started as a riddle involving Drake's Bay and remained an enigma to early Pacific mapmakers, though the famous rolling fogs of the area may have been actually the cause of the dispute.

Survivors of the *San Augustin,* after a forty-five-day voyage in an open boat, finally reached Acapulco. This passage was almost as hair-raising as the Pacific crossing.

THERE is a remote chance that a few of those old Philippine mahogany ribs are still thrusting out of the sand, waiting for someone to poke around. Please don't stomp around with heavy lead diver's shoes. Porcelain will resist almost all chemical combinations, but it will break.

Some scuba diver may find a smiling Kwan Yin looking up at him from the bottom. She's still the Goddess of Fortune, and if anything could coax a smile to her beautiful features, release from nearly 400 years on the bottom of Drake's Bay, should. It's a lonely place for a gal who's a "goer," as they say these days.

In excavating the Digger Indian mounds at the top of the Drake's Bay cliffs, the Smithsonian Institution recorded some fragments of what appeared to be blue porcelain. They were mystified but called them of "European origin," and being unable to say more dismissed them. They could be the only part of the *San Augustin*'s cargo to make it ashore in the New World, besides the beeswax.

There are numerous beaches over the world that at one time or another have washed up coins, so why not a little porcelain?

Booby Trap!

(Continued from page 25)

Juan went along as before, the picture of merry contentment—that is, for a time. But after some months a change came over him. His young brow—I call it that now, looking back; but as I have said, he was several years older than I—seemed to be furrowing with lines of care. His geniality faded, and he began to turn melancholy.

I could not understand until I learned one day that he had married and moved away to a place a mile beyond his brother-in-law's little goat ranch and was trying, against difficulties natural to the circumstances, to set up a home and make a living for himself and the girl he had married. Between the two of them they owned—nothing. They moved into an abandoned little one-room hut and were trying courageously to make a go of life. Alfredo's parents could do little to help, for they had nothing to spare. A few goats, given for a wedding present and meant for starting a herd, had been eaten or sold for bare necessities.

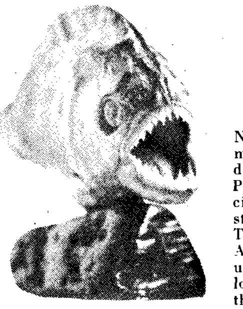
When I asked Alfredo, talking to him alone one day, if it wasn't lonesome for Juan, he answered very simply, in one syllable, "Yes." But his eyes, turning away from me to gaze at the horizon, were filled with sadness, and spoke volumes. I was sorry I had asked that question.

The months passed, and the cotton fiesta came again, with all its customary gaiety and fun. I did not see Alfredo or Juan there; they didn't come.

THEN, one day in November, I walked into the sheriff's office in town, and Alfredo was there, sitting near the door on a bench against the wall. I went past him across the large room to sit by an open window, and only when I was seated did I see him. He didn't notice me. He didn't notice anyone. He just sat there, staring at the floor. All his attention was taken by his thoughts.

I had been sent in from the ranch with a message for Sheriff Gravis; but mine was not an emergency message, so there was no hurry about it. Some messengers there were from distant ranches, however, who showed worry and whose business was urgent; and Sheriff Gravis, flanked by an assistant or two, busy at his table with papers and interviews, was not a happy man. His weariness showed in his face.

We were in an election year, and election day was close. Out in the county votes were being bought and sold, whiskey was flowing, and bandit gangs were more daring. There was trouble at the outlying ranches—bad trouble, it was being called; and the sheriff, needing an army, had only a handful of deputies to work with the two or three young fellows from Captain Cameron's Ranger camp, and any volunteer posses he could form, to police thousands of square miles of brush and rock country. The ranches were



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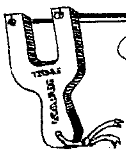

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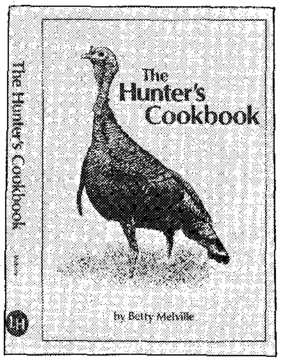

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doing their usual good job of standing siege and defending themselves; but all appeals for aid, and all complaints, came crowding into Sheriff Gravis' office. It was little sleep he got when things were like that.

It did not seem to be a good time to talk to Alfredo, as things stood; but I made up my mind to speak to him later.

A young fellow, a deputy, just in from the brush and awaiting a new assignment, came over and sat down by me.

"That kid over there," he said—he had seen me looking at Alfredo—"he thinks he's got trouble. Well, I reckon he has. I guess if you don't have big things to worry you, you worry a lot about little things."

"What's his trouble?" I asked.

"Well, they ain't burnin' his buildin's nor stealin' his cattle or horses, because he ain't got any. It's goats. This boy's been comin' in here an' tellin' us about it. His papa's crippled up with rheumatism an' don't get around anymore, an' so he sends the kid in. But what you reckon he expects us to do—police his goat ranch, an' in election time, with things the way they are now?"

"Where's Juan?"

"Juan? Oh, yes, the kid's uncle. I don't know, but the way I been hearin' it, I reckon he's got his own troubles. Anyway, the kid's been comin' in here alone, an' I feel sorry for 'im; but there ain't a thing we can do, with trouble poppin' up everywhere night an' day, an'—well, you know how it goes. We can't be everywhere."

I knew. It was a temporary breakdown of law and order, only too recently established and still on a precarious basis. There were occasional lapses, and generally they could be counted on to come at election time. It could mean burned buildings, cattle driven off or slaughtered, extortion by torture—all that, and more. Mutilated corpses sometimes. The Rangers were doing wonders, but they, and the sheriffs with their deputies, still had work to do before peace and security would be fully established in the county. Reports I had heard that morning even made me decide to return to our ranch by a roundabout way.

We went on with our conversation and while we were still quietly talking in our corner, Gravis signaled Alfredo to come to his table.

"What is it now, boy," I heard him say, "more goats?"

"*Si, señor.* Another goat—last night. Please, Papa says—"

"Now, did you tell your papa what I said?"

"Yes, sir, but Papa says to tell you we watch the best we can, but when we watch, nothing happens, and we never find out who steals the goats. Papa is not well, and in the daytime I take the goats out, and sometimes at night when I'm watching, I go to sleep. Mama is not good at watching. She is afraid, and she cries too much. Papa says when there are no goats to sell, or eat, or get kid goats, he does not know what we will do."

"Why don't you get Juan to watch with you?"

"Sir, when we watch, nothing happens; and besides, Juan is afraid to leave his home unguarded; and his wife is on the way to having a baby."

"All right, you tell your papa this. Unless his place is in danger, there is nothing I can do now. Keep watching. Find out who it is. Then I can do something. There is absolutely nothing I can do now. Tell him that."

"Yes sir. Papa says—"

"If you have anything more to say, talk fast!" The sheriff was losing patience.

"Yes, sir. Papa says if you can't do anything for us, can we set a trap for the thief?"

"Yes, of course, set a trap, anything you want to do! If you know a way to catch him, why didn't you do it before now?"

"It's all right to set a trap for him?" Alfredo asked, repeating himself.

Gravis banged the table with flat of his hand. "I said so, didn't I?"

He spoke angrily; but still, for a moment, Alfredo stood there, lingering in obvious uncertainty. Then he said, "Yes, sir," in a voice little above a whisper; and, turning away, he walked toward the door.

I started to follow him, but the sheriff called me to come to his table, and by the time I had answered his questions and got the reply I was waiting for and got outside again, Alfredo had disappeared.

LOOKING BACK now, I wonder on what wool-gathering expedition everybody's wits had gone that day. A number of people were in the room during Alfredo's conversation with the sheriff, and there was not one among us who could not speak and understand Spanish. Yet everyone of us let the grisly thing slip by, unnoticed. I can only suppose that we were, all of us, including the sheriff, too tired and preoccupied to notice. Only Alfredo, it seems, knew what he was talking about and realized the implications of it.

Now, this is one of those things that different people explain in different ways but that almost everyone has experienced at least once, in some form or another. As I rode in from the ranch the next morning an atmosphere of impending disaster seemed to fill the air. At first I thought it referred to me, and I rode a little nervously, more on the watch than usual. But as I drew near to town and nothing happened, I began to understand that it did not apply to me directly, though all the time the sense of foreboding increased.

Alfredo was in his usual place, on the bench beside the door. As I entered, Sheriff Gravis called him over to his table, saying nothing but looking at him intently.

Poor Alfredo! He startled me, too. The lines of his face were composed and unchanged, his shoulders erect. But his pallor was alarming, and black smudges under his eyes seemed almost theatrical. I imagined the eyes of a sleepwalker might be like his. I knew at a glance that he could never again be the Alfredo of the fiesta, with his little dog Chico and his merry uncle.

His voice, though a little strange, was unwavering. "Sir, Papa says—" he began, and I saw the sheriff lift a tired hand to his forehead.

"Papa says, sir, please come at once. There is a dead man at our place. I ran all the way to tell you. Not by the road but on a short cut through the brush. Papa says please come soon."

Gravis sat staring, and even then I didn't know why, more than that someone was dead—certainly not an uncommon occurrence among us.

"Sir, you said set a trap. Sir, Papa says please come. Someone is dead."

Rising, the sheriff shoved his chair aside and without a word walked into a room adjoining his office. From my place on the bench I could see him. He stood for a minute or two looking out through a window. Then he returned, drew up his chair and seated himself once more at his table.

While he was away, his office deputy had placed Alfredo under arrest.

I don't think Alfredo understood; but he plainly was not thinking of leaving, so it didn't matter.

"I put the kid under arrest, Sheriff," the office deputy said in English to Gravis. "I reckon we'll have to hold him as a witness."

THAT did it; and during the next few minutes I resolved never to make Sheriff Gravis angry. His face flushed brick-red as he spun part way around in his swivel chair to face the deputy. His voice was harsh with the effort to control it. All conversation in the room stopped abruptly.

"Oh, you did?" Gravis said coldly. "Well, now. That gives me an idea. I might set a trap for you some day. You're mighty handy with your ideas now, but where were they yesterday when they might have done some good!"

The office deputy ventured one more remark. "Don't you want the old man brought in?"

"No, I don't!" Gravis roared. "You know as well as anybody in this room what these people mean when they talk about setting a trap for somebody! You heard me tell this boy to tell his father to set a trap! And now you think I'm going to arrest him after the boy came in here and got official permission and then came back this morning to report! You heard it all!"

The deputy stood silent, and, having thus exploded, the sheriff was regaining his customary composure.

"Jose," he said to another deputy, "take this boy up behind you and go out there. Do what needs to be done and get the facts for me."

To Alfredo he said quietly, dropping back into Spanish, "Son, don't let it worry you, and tell your papa he hasn't got anything to worry about, either. The law hasn't got a thing against him. Tell him I said so. You go with Jose and tell your papa what I said. Anyway, you won't lose any more goats."

"Yes, sir," was Alfredo's reply—but if the sheriff had expected him to show elation, he must have been disappointed. Alfredo was like one stricken, almost like a lifeless image.

They left together, Alfredo and Jose; and I went also. I spoke to Alfredo as we

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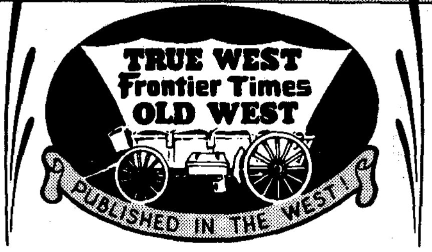

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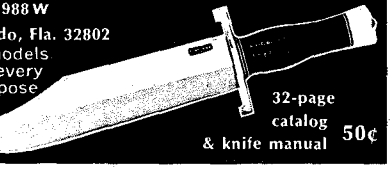

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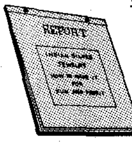

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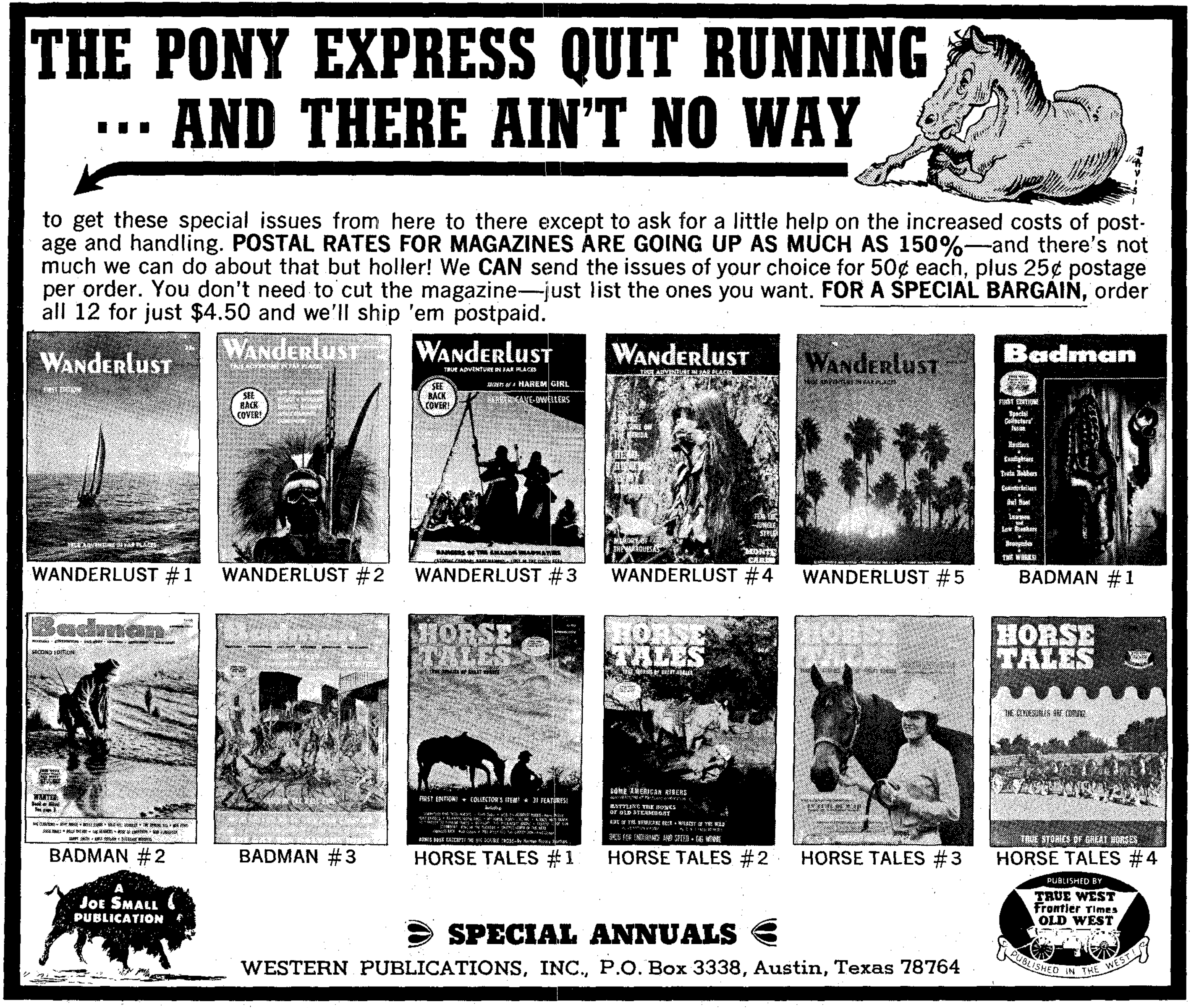
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walked along, but he seemed not to hear me. I put a hand on his shoulder. It went unnoticed.

Jose was not against having me as a companion on his errand. He took Alfredo up behind him, and we set out.

"Sheriff don't feel happy about all this, does he? Well, nobody would blame him, considerin' everything. If a body wanted to push the point, I reckon everybody in his office yesterday would be to blame, about as much as him, for keepin' silent the way they did."

I had nothing to say to that; and we rode on across the arroyo and out into the chalk hills. We were following a wagon trail that would wander on and on, from ranch to ranch, past settlements and—long distances apart—an occasional town, to come at last to San Antonio; and on after that an indeterminate distance to Austin, beyond which place there was more Texas, we knew, reaching forever northwards. Somewhere, of course, there was likely to be something besides Texas; but never mind about that.

In springtime this hill road would have been gay with flowers, the mesquite and the huisache in full bloom, the blossoms in yellow clusters, the bluebonnets reaching in solid sheets of color away beyond the horizon, and the Indian paintbrushes, the winecups, and the cartwheels making a rich pattern at the trail's margins. But now, in November, it was the somber season. The blue sky, pale overhead, a deeper blue lower down, was beautiful as always, but the prickly-pear blossoms had turned into purple fruits and the mesquite tassels into bunches of stringy pods. The pastures were greening up; but still, the countryside seemed steeped in autumn's melancholy.

FROM the crest of a hill we could see, far away in the northwest, a bluish column of smoke floating on the horizon. We wondered about it, and began speculatively to name over ranches that we knew were in that general direction.

About five miles out of town we approached Alfredo's home. The goat ranch, a miniature affair, was set back a little from the road. In the pen with its little shed the goats were waiting to go to the hills. About two hundred feet farther along stood a wattle-and-thatch hut. Alfredo's father came limping just outside the gate of the house yard and halted there, with Chico beside him. Standing side by side, they watched us, the old man shading his eyes with one trembling hand.

Just in front of the goat-pen gate lay a body, untouched, pending the arrival of the law. We halted a short distance away, dismounted, and approached on foot.

A gun, charged with buckshot, had been lashed firmly to the fork of a mesquite tree, its muzzle pointing directly at the mesh-wire gate, with a wire rigged from the gate to discharge the gun when the latch was lifted. The range was point-blank, and the charge had struck straight into the chest. The body had fallen in a contorted position and was lying rigid, face down. Seen even from the back, the wound was too dreadful to describe.

Alfredo had steeled himself to advance with us. Though his shoulders were straight, they were racked by spasms of suppressed sobbing. His face was turned a little away from us, but I could see tears falling into the dust at his feet.

After a moment Jose stooped and turned the body onto its back. The staring, glassy eyes looked unblinking at the sun, and the face was a pitiful thing to see. Alfredo had reason to sob. It was Juan.

Hot-Headed Tom James

(Continued from page 41)

eral, and he and Lupe soon formed a mutual dislike for each other. I thought John Trent made a mistake by having them stand night guard together.

When we started gathering those cattle for the drive the normal calving season was over. Among range cattle more or less calves are always born out of season. Most of the cows and calves had been separated from the other cattle when I started to work. They were to be kept on the ranch and we had moved them to a certain section of the range with fair grass which had been saved for such an occasion. In shaping up the herds we did not include any cow with calf at her side, or one that showed any sign of calving during the summer.

In spite of that, now and then one of the young cows that we had overlooked gave birth to a calf during the trip. I don't recall that there were any in the first herd and there were less than a half dozen in all, but those few posed a problem. In one instance it became a very serious one for me. The young calves were too weak to travel and keep up with the herd, and we had no way to take care of them. The only solution was to kill the calf and drive the cow with us. Chicken-livered or not—that's what Tom James called me—I always managed to let someone else do the killing. There had to come a time, of course, when I couldn't shift that responsibility to somebody else.

For some reason John Trent had to be away from the outfit for two or three days. It was only logical for him to leave Tom James in charge. Tom was the oldest and most experienced one of us, and there was little or nothing he didn't know about driving a trail herd.

Outside of the mild form of derision which most cowhands feel for a straw-boss, everything went along pretty well until that day which I'll never forget. I stood first guard with a boy named Billie Nix and one of the Mexican boys named Hipolito. It was part of our job to roll out at the first call, grab a quick breakfast, and then mount our night horses, go out and relieve the last guard so they could go in to breakfast and change horses. We would drift the herd from the bedground, and spread them out to graze until relieved so we could go to camp and change horses ourselves. To compensate for that extra and quick work early in the morning, John always sent us first guard waddies to camp in the afternoon for a little rest and relaxation before having to go on guard duty.

On one of those mornings while John was away, I encountered my problem. As the herd moved off the bedground, there stood a young cow over her first-born calf. It couldn't have been more than five minutes old. The little thing lay there completely helpless in the first struggles of life. It was on its side gasping for breath and sniffing at the fluid that partly clogged its nostrils while making feeble efforts to gain a position on its all-fours. Its blinking eyes, which appeared black against the background of a white face, were looking straight at me. I could have no more killed that helpless little critter than I could have killed myself. To drive the cow away and leave it would have been worse. If some coyote or flesh-eating fowl didn't come along to devour it piece by piece and bite by bite while it was still living, it would starve and perish in the hot sun. I did the only thing I could bring myself to do. I simply rode away and left them together, hoping that nobody else noticed.

WHILE cowmen do not like to have their brand scattered here and there, it would not have been an actual loss to leave the cow. She was plainly branded with the Hat A, and sooner or later a man representing the outfit whose range we were passing through would come to look our herd over and he would note the brand. When they branded calves that fall the same brand borne by the mother would be put on the calf, and Mr. Anderson would be notified. That was a common practice and courtesy between all reputable cow outfits. When the young cows and heifers were driven back to the ranch, it would be an easy matter to pick up the cow and her calf on the way; so leaving that cow was not so much of a crime as Tom James made it out to be.

Not many things went on that Tom James didn't see. The herd had grazed less than a half mile from the bedground when he and other members of the crew came out to relieve us. He wanted to know right off why I had left that cow—and I told him.

He could get mad quicker than anybody I ever saw. I could tell that he was about to let me have it. "Go back there and kill that calf and bring the cow on to the herd," he ordered in pretty strong words.

"I won't do it," I replied in a sudden show of defiance. "If you want that calf killed—you'll have to do it yourself."

"I'll fire you!" he bawled at me.

I knew he didn't have the authority to fire me and I told him why, which seemed to make him madder. (When a man got fired, he had the right to demand his pay on the spot and I was certain he was not authorized to write checks on A. G. Anderson like John Trent.) The snarl on his mouth made his red mustache stand out like bristles on a wild boar's back. If his eyes had had sharp points, they would have drilled right through me.

"You chicken-livered—" and he stopped. If he had finished what I thought he intended to say, I would have been on the spot. I thought he was about to call me a name which men had been killed over. According to the way we believed, no person with a grain of self-respect would take it without a showdown.

Right at the moment I didn't care what he said. I was about as mad as he was and I could have killed him with less regret and conscience than I could have killed that little calf. I know better now—but I didn't then.

Tom always packed a gun and from the way he sized up any stranger who happened along, it made me think he was keeping ready to meet someone that he

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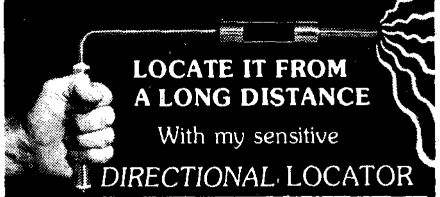

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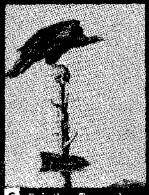
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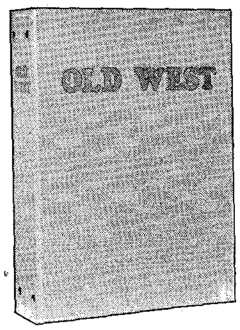

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didn't really want to see. He had his gun that morning and if he had called me the name, I would have had to bide my time like Lupe did later. I don't think I would have taken the extreme and drastic measure that Lupe tried, but I would have felt impelled to call his hand at one time or another. The affair ended when Tom whirled his horse around and rode back to where I had left the cow and calf. I presume he killed the calf as I saw the cow in the herd later in the day.

Apparently no one ever knew what took place between Tom James and me that morning. If he told John Trent or anyone else, I never heard about it. I never mentioned the affair to anyone myself. Our relationship continued the same as before. If he was willing to forget the incident, I was willing to do so.

That should be the end of the story, but it is not all—even if the following is hearsay.

IT WAS the middle of September when we disposed of the last herd of cattle. For various reasons I had decided against trying to homestead some of the public land in the region. On our way back we camped one night on the edge of Midland, which wasn't a very big town then. I had bought a couple of horses while in the country, and next morning I drew my pay, and packed my bed on one horse and rode the other back to our family ranch on the Colorado. When I rode away that morning Bill Cope, the Fort Stockton boy, was the only one of those men that I ever saw again and that was more than fifty years later.

Bill Cope and I worked and got along together all right. The bond of friendship was not such that either of us tried to keep track of the other, but I never forgot him. It was about 1960 that I passed through Fort Stockton on my way to the old country in Texas. On inquiry, I was told that Bill was still around and was a deputy sheriff. In response to my telephone call, he came immediately to the restaurant where my wife and I were having lunch.

In spite of my wife's impatience to be on our way, Bill and I had a long talk all to ourselves about those long-ago days on the trail with the Hat A herd. And he told me something that I had never known about, although the drama took place only a short distance from where I lay sleeping.

Bill, Lupe, and Tom James stood second guard together. One night Bill overheard a quarrel between Tom and Lupe. He heard Tom call Lupe the name that I'd thought once he was about to call me. When they were relieved, Lupe did not ride with Bill and Tom on their way back to camp.

After putting their night horses on stake again, each one went to his respective bed. Tom's and Lupe's beds were about fifty feet apart. Bill's was sort of in between, but back off the line a short distance. Bill went to sleep immediately.

He didn't think it was more than a half hour, though, when he came suddenly awake. It was not a noise that roused him; he just woke up. While he

(Continued on page 52)

THE GUY WHO STOLE HIS OWN SHEEP

By IRA HALL

What's the old saying about the wisdom of "choosing a partner with more care than you'd choose a wife"?

BACK about 1902 my folks lived on a good-sized farm in eastern Idaho. Dad raised quite a lot of hay and sold it to a big livestock company, then contracted to feed it out to the sheep for one dollar a ton. That was good money, as there was no other work to be had in the winter.

For two or three years in a row, the same herder came in with these sheep and helped feed them. He was an Irishman; he and my dad became good friends and continued to keep in touch over the following years. In fact, they often talked of going in partners in the sheep business half and half.

About 1914 Dad began to get a few together, and gradually built up a small flock by raising small bum lambs and buying a few along. Then when he had about 200 he bought about 750 more, and also a camp wagon. He was all set to go in partners with the Irish herder. Dad was to furnish the supplies and camp team; the Irishman was to herd and help with the sheep at lambing time.

Things went along pretty good until about 1921, then the herder seemed not to be satisfied with things. We were on the desert near where the atomic energy reservation is now, and were getting water from a rancher named Gleason. Range lambing meant lots of work and long hours. The winter before, while at home on the feed ground, the herder would saddle a riding horse many evenings and take off to visit some people. He would return along in the night, smelling of moonshine, but I didn't give it much thought at the time.

Then in the spring these same fellows he had visited showed up out there on the desert and began living in a dry-farm shack near our lambing operation.

A stockman named Geisler lived not too far from my folks' place in the valley, and he came and asked Dad if Dad thought it would be all right if he took his cattle to range south of our operation and bought water from Gleason also. Dad told him there was plenty of room out there, and to go ahead.

All that spring I kept seeing these other people around that the herder had visited the winter before. One day Geisler told me he thought those guys were stealing sheep. I told him I didn't think it possible; that they were no doubt making moonshine.

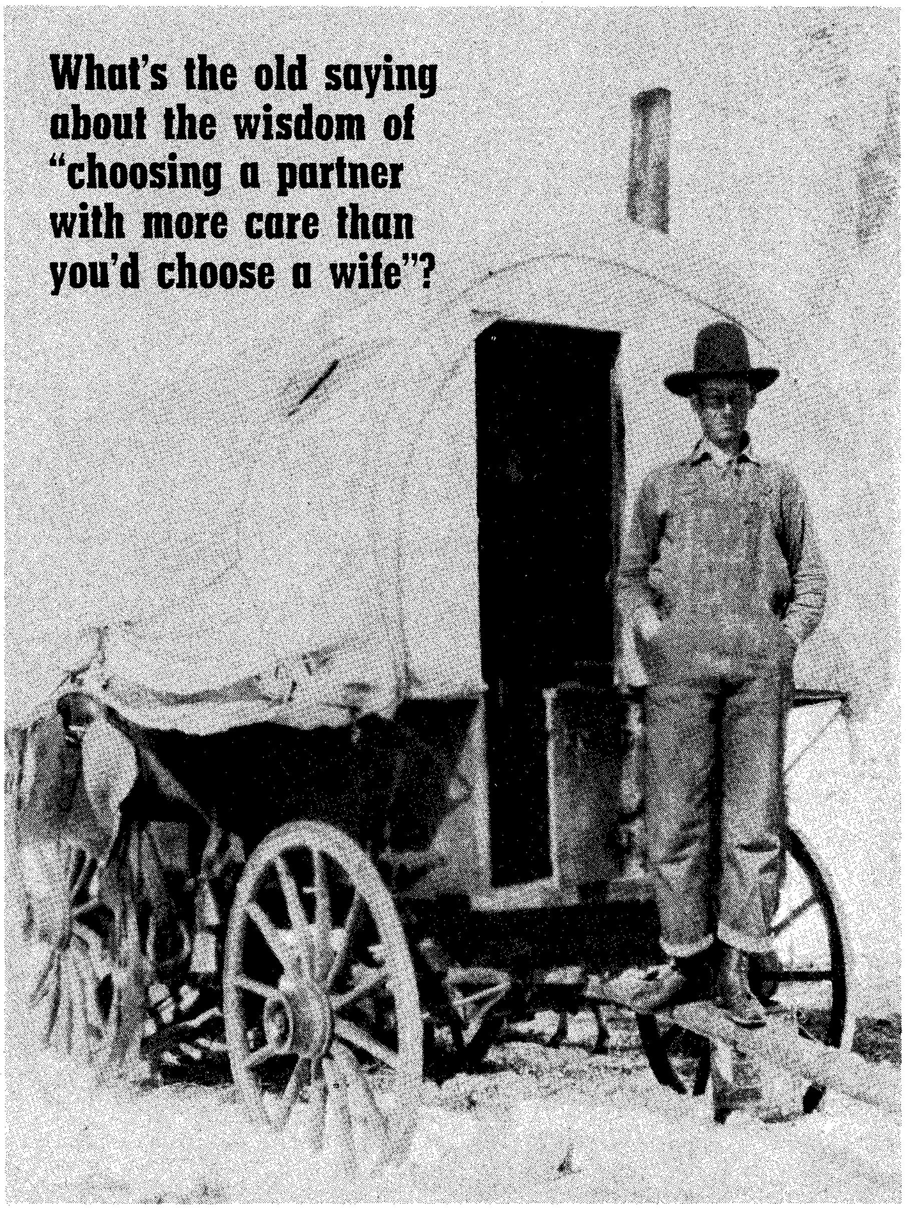
There was another sheepman about three miles from our camp whose name was Empy. One morning just as we finished breakfast, Mr. Empy came walking up to the door of our camp, and he was pretty mad. He said someone was stealing sheep and he was going to find out who.

We talked for a time, and he said if he could get away to go to town and see the sheriff, perhaps he could do something about it. He really acted and talked like he thought our herder was involved, but he made no accusation.

Gleason had a Model T Ford, so I told Empy maybe Gleason would take him and me to town to see the sheriff. We walked about a mile and a half to Gleason's place and got him to take us to the county seat.

(Continued on next page)

At right, Ira Hall at the feed ground in 1922. Below, Mrs. Hall (author's mother) shoveling a path to the barn, about 1921.



AFTER our talk with the sheriff, he told his deputy to take us back out on the desert and see what he could find out. We went by Geisler's camp and picked him up, and he showed us where these people had been holding the sheep they had taken. When we got to their camp, they had pulled out.

We followed their tracks for about eight or ten miles and finally came upon the wagon and sheep. There were no men in sight, but we were surprised to find a woman sitting on a rock, making some fancy work. The team and wagon were nearby, and the sheep were resting in the shade of some juniper trees. We were right between the Twin Buttes, east of the sinks of Big Lost River.

The deputy sheriff started talking to the woman but was not finding out much, when all at once two men broke out of the brush to the west of us and took out across the sagebrush on their saddle horses. We tried to chase them in the car, but the going was so rough we had to give up.

Geisler was riding in the back seat and had a .44 Colt revolver between his knees. The deputy told him to put it back in the holster—that he didn't want any shooting. Mr. Empy had stayed with the wagon and the woman. I turned the car around and went back where they were.

The deputy told the woman to get in the wagon, and for Empy to start back up the road, and for me to bring the sheep. The deputy and Geisler went on back in the car to Gleason's place where they got something to eat.

Just before sundown I caught up to Empy and the wagon at a dry-farm cabin. They had unhitched the team, and the woman had fried some potatoes and some bacon. It sure tasted good, as I hadn't eaten since early morning. Shortly after this supper, Gleason and Geisler and the deputy arrived. The deputy said he was in a bad spot, that he should report to the sheriff, but that he didn't dare leave because the two horsemen might show up and try to make trouble. I told him if he would trust me with the county car I would go on in and report to the sheriff and be back by morning. It was about thirty miles over sagebrush roads.

I made it into town about midnight. The sheriff slept in a small room next to the door to the jail. I woke him up and told him what was going on. He didn't like it much that I had driven the county car into town. He told me to go back and tell the deputy to deputize someone to take charge of the mess, and for the deputy to come on back to town—that he was needed.

After lying down on a bench in the hallway for about two hours, I went on back to where the others were and told the deputy what the sheriff had said. He deputized Empy and instructed him to bring the outfit in to the county seat, and for me to drive the sheep.

WE made good progress that day and got almost half-way to town. That night we stayed in a dry-farm cabin. There were quite a lot of cabins on the desert at that time, but the people had all moved away on account of the drouth.

The second morning, as we were moving along, I looked back and saw a man on a horse coming up behind me. I was rather nervous but tried not to show it. He wanted to know what we were doing.

I told him we thought the sheep were stolen and that we were taking them to the county seat. I told him that the man on the wagon was a deputy sheriff. The man on the horse said the woman was his wife, and that the team and wagon were his. He rode up to the wagon and Empy placed him under arrest.

Empy then stopped until I caught up to them, saying he would take the man and woman on to the courthouse and find a place for the horses and sheep. He said he would have everything ready by the time I got there.

The next morning Empy made arrangements for some of his folks to take him and me back out to his sheep camp. I had to walk about three miles more to our camp. When I got there I could tell our herder was plenty mad, but decided it was because I had been away from work for several days.

A few years later it dawned on me that he was at the bottom of the whole affair. It was our own partner who had tipped his friends off that Empy and I had gone to see the sheriff, and that was the reason the two men and the woman had started to move the sheep out of the county.

Sometime later, Dad got a letter from the sheriff to come and identify some of his sheep, but Dad could only find four head he was sure of. The following year, out of about 900 head of ewes, there were only about 200 head of lambs to ship. So that crooked herder surely sold four or five hundred head of lambs to someone on the sly.

Dad called the mortgage company to come and take over, as he could no longer keep going under those conditions. Thus ended a partnership in the sheep business.

I never thought of it at the time, but while Empy and I were going to see the sheriff I know that the Irishman rode over there and told his friends to get going; otherwise we would have found them at their cabin and not seven or eight miles away.

Hot-Headed Tom James

(Continued from page 50)

lay there, he saw Lupe sit up in bed. The moon was shining almost as bright as day. Lupe sat still for perhaps a minute. Then he threw back his tarp cover and pulled on his trousers and boots. Bill saw him take something from under his pillow which Bill felt sure was a knife.

Lupe rose and started creeping more than walking in a crouch toward where Tom James was sleeping. Bill got out of bed to intercept him. When Lupe saw Bill, he stood frozen in his tracks. Bill walked up to him and took the knife from his hand.

Lupe turned around and silently went back to his bed. Not a word passed between them. Bill didn't get much sleep that night. He was not occupied by watching Lupe. He was just trying to decide how to handle the matter. He was convinced that since Lupe was caught in the act, he wouldn't try it again—not during that trip at least. He was equally certain that if Tom James ever heard about it, he would start a fight in which one or the other would be killed. He was uncertain as to what action John Trent might take. He was afraid to tell any of us because we might get to talking among ourselves and inadvertently let the secret slip. Bill finally decided to keep the matter between Lupe and himself. Neither one ever spoke to the other about it.

No one ever knew what Lupe intended to do after he committed the act. No doubt he had a plan of escape. His night horse stood on stake nearby, already saddled. If someone happened to hear him riding away, no attention would be paid to it. Quite often one of us on guard would slip into camp for a cup of coffee from the pot that the cook kept banked in the fire pit with hot coals and ashes just for that purpose. If he had succeeded, it would have been at least three hours before his victim's body would be discovered. By that time, on a good horse, in that sparsely settled country with only an occasional ranch and isolated sheep camps, and with the sheepherders ready and willing to aid a fellow Mexican in trouble, it would have been an easy matter for Lupe to reach sanctuary in Mexico.

Bill said when the outfit reached Fort Stockton it was disbanded. John Trent and the men who had regular jobs—of which Lupe was one—took the wagon and horses back to the ranch. Bill didn't know what became of Tom James, but he had a good idea of what happened to Lupe. Lupe stayed on at the ranch until 1910 when Madero started the revolution in Mexico. He then hurried away to join Pancho Villa's army. Lupe never returned and it was a foregone conclusion that he was killed during the war.

Tough Warriors!

(Continued from page 9)

Just before dawn the Navajos mounted up and started riding again. Daylight revealed a broad trail which pitched down into low terrain along a tributary of the Canadian River somewhere in Texas. It was suspected that the raiders were heading toward a special holding-over place used many times before. At a walk the Navajos entered the scrubby river timber.

After a little while Red Goat, who was in the lead, halted and lifted his right arm in warning. From ahead echoed the sound of horses, somewhat south below the river bottoms.

Dismounting, the scouts spread out, wide apart, slipping like wraiths through the timber until the camp became visible. The Comanches and Kiowas appeared to have settled down for a lengthy stay, resting themselves and their stock.

After brief reconnoitering the horses were found just below the timber edge, grazing. Red Goat, without speaking, signaled two of his men to go after the herd. With any kind of luck now, they might be able to turn the tables on the raiders quickly.

The two scouts withdrew, returned to their own horses, and set forth to effect a stampede.

The herd would not be too well guarded, if at all. Each felt that the climax of the long pursuit was at hand.

In the timber the Navajos slipped into easy shooting distance of the camp. Some of the raiders were cooking at small fires. Others lay on the ground, or sat talking. From their number it appeared that all survivors of the big band were surely there.

The Navajos patiently settled down to wait until the thunder of stampeding hoofs aroused the camp. That ominous sound would bring them all springing to their feet. In that instant they would be easy targets.

Suddenly two thundering shots southward startled not only the raiders but the Navajos as well. No others followed as the crashes echoed away.

The raiders leaped to their feet, weapons in hand and listening intently. Were their guards dead or had they fired at someone or something skulking around? Then came clearly the thud of hoofs going away from the river. The herd was running very fast. The stampede had been engineered by experts who knew exactly how to get one going.

The raiders were now afoot and must have quickly assessed the bad news, but before they could make a move Red Goat opened the battle by drawing a bead on the largest Kiowa he could see. The rifle cracked; the Kiowa staggered to one side and fell dead.

The Navajos on each side of Red Goat opened fire simultaneously. They shot rapidly and kept on as their rifle barrels grew hot. Before the raiders could break apart and dive headlong for cover, more than thirty lay motionless on the ground.

As each raider gained refuge behind a tree, fallen log, or boulder, he opened fire on the audacious Navajos. Fortunately for the latter, they were well covered.

Having no intention of engaging in a standoff, Red Goat signaled for a swift withdrawal. They could only lose in such a fight, the advantage being solely with the Comanches and Kiowas who survived the first onslaught.

LONG AFTER the Navajos ceased their fire, the raiders continued to pour bullets into the timber where they had been. Actually they did not at this point know how few in number the enemy was; reinforcements could have been received before the camp was attacked. While the Comanches and Kiowas were holding down an empty battleground, the Navajos mounted and slipped away from the river.

On the edge of the open grassland two dead Comanches were found, the herd guards. Grimly satisfied, Red Goat deployed his warriors on foot along the timber's edge.

Back at the scene of the fight shooting slowly diminished. As expected the Comanches and Kiowas began appearing through the timber in the hope that a stray horse or two could be found. None of them ever got the chance to find out if the horse herd was lost beyond recovery. From ten feet away the Navajos stepped right into the open for better aim and faster shooting. The raiders died in their tracks, only a few able to get off as much as one shot.

There could not now be many of the original band left alive. The Navajos moved silently and warily through the timber to the camp. Five Comanches and two Kiowas were caught there, trying to get some food before fleeing on foot. Their hesitation was fatal.

The whole area was then searched, but no raiders were found alive on the river. A few sets of tracks led into the water, but only those who made haste to escape managed to get away. The Navajos thought only five made it. According to later stories of the Comanches and Kiowas, however, a dozen returned to their villages with the sad story of the debacle.

Two scouts were posted just in case a few raiders had skillfully concealed themselves nearby. Red Goat and the others hurried to their horses. Riding south they met the two exultant warriors who had so cleverly bunched and run off the horse herd. The pursuit had ended in a complete victory.

The Navajos hastened to bring the horses back to the river. And despite the bodies of so many enemies lying around, the camp was occupied somewhat briefly. The scouts discovered a cache of food—dried meat and a kind of pemmican. As many of the horses as possible were fitted with the dead raiders' saddles. On them was packed the most welcome supply of food, arms and other property of the raiders.

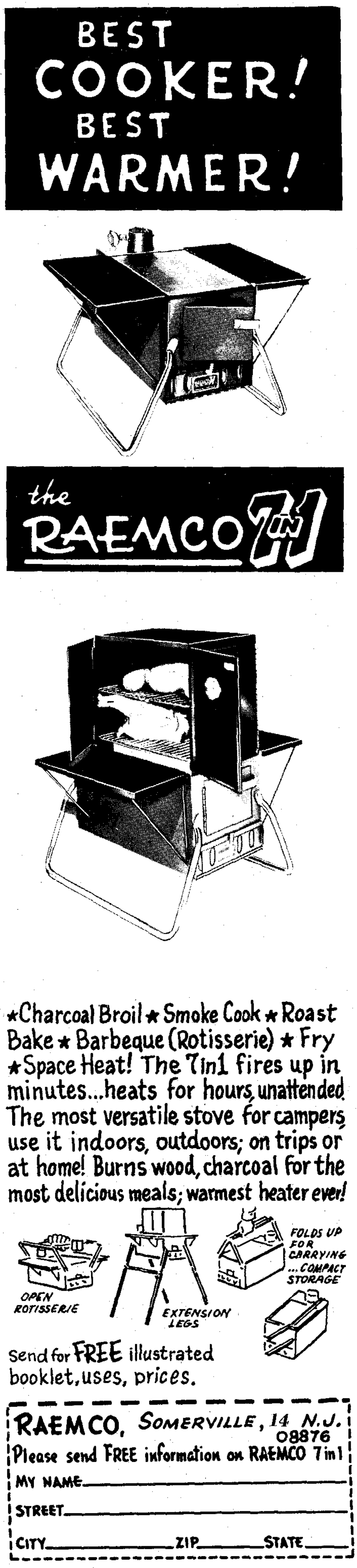
Quitting the river on a southwesterly course, the Navajos aimed by reckoning for distant Fort Sumner. Another night of rest followed. In the morning they came upon a herd of buffalo and paused long enough for a hunt. Every horse with strength enough to carry the weight, was loaded.

This halt to acquire all the meat they could transport back to the prison reservation almost proved their undoing. Buffalo were still in sight everywhere around them when they resumed the slow journey. The next day a band of Cheyenne warriors appeared abruptly on the hills to the north. They were in battle array, with feathered headdress and long tails waving in the wind as they raced toward the Navajos. As soon as the wide line started for them, Red Goat knew it was another fight. The Navajos tried to get their heavily burdened horses into a run, but this was an impossibility.

Red Goat knew they had two choices. They could abandon all they had secured and run, or stand and fight the Cheyennes. Rather than end their long ordeal in inglorious flight he chose to make a stand.

In advancing to meet the Cheyennes, he could count only forty-eight. (Navajo clan historians claim there were twice that many, but Red Goat's descendants who had the details directly from him, say no.) Fighting that many with his warriors seemed about right to Red Goat.

(Continued on page 58)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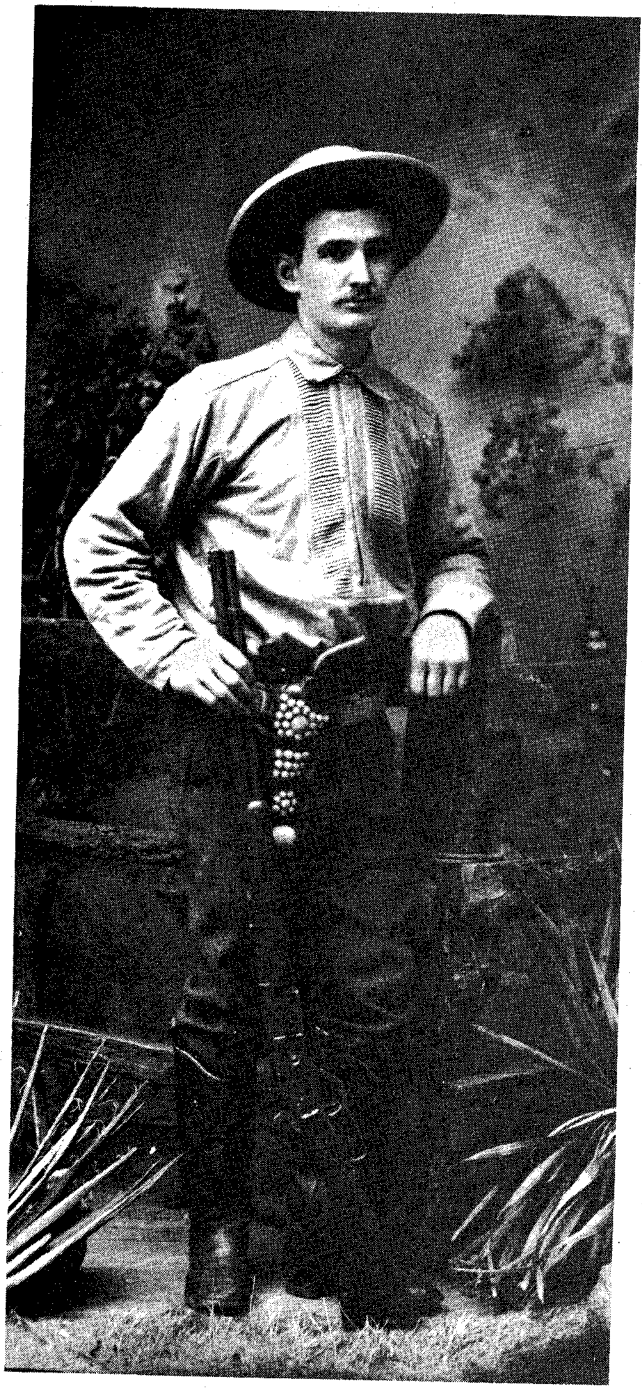
OLD WEST
Scrapbook

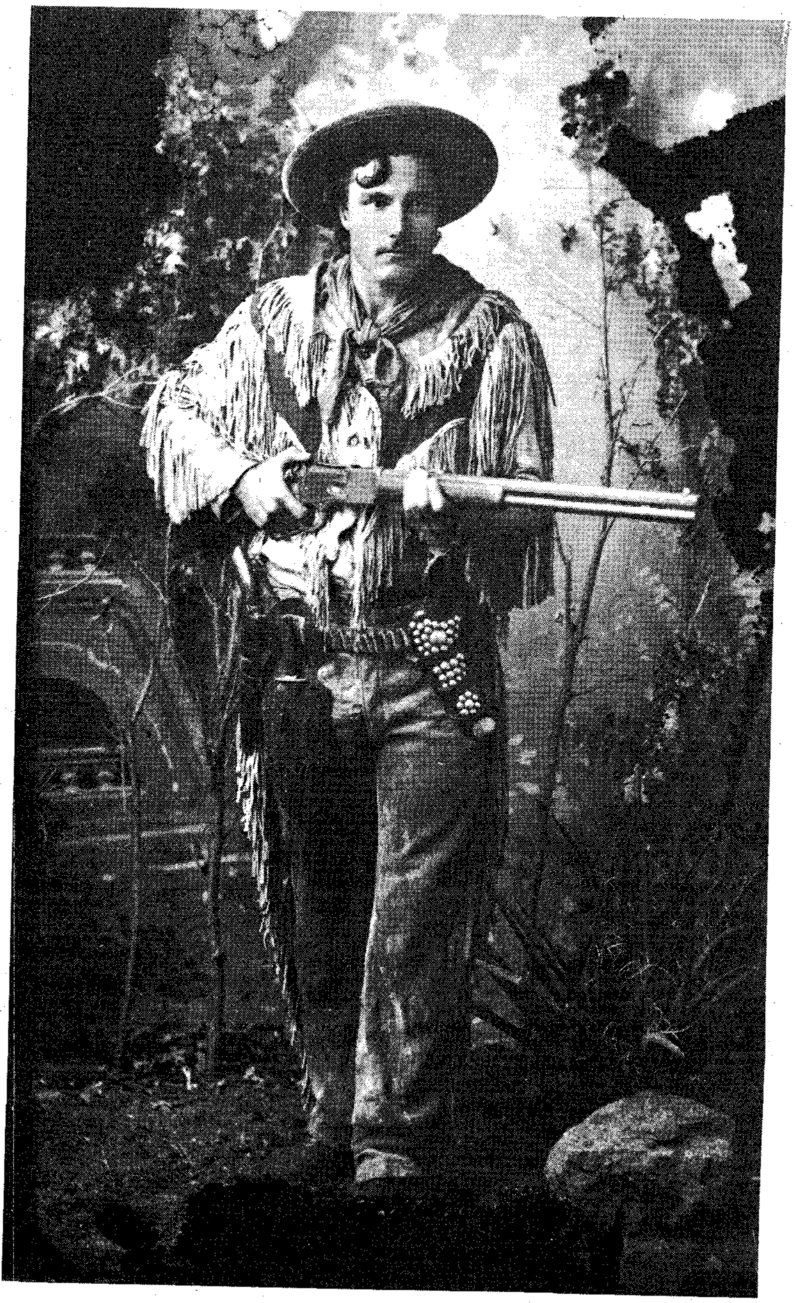
RECOGNIZE ANYONE?

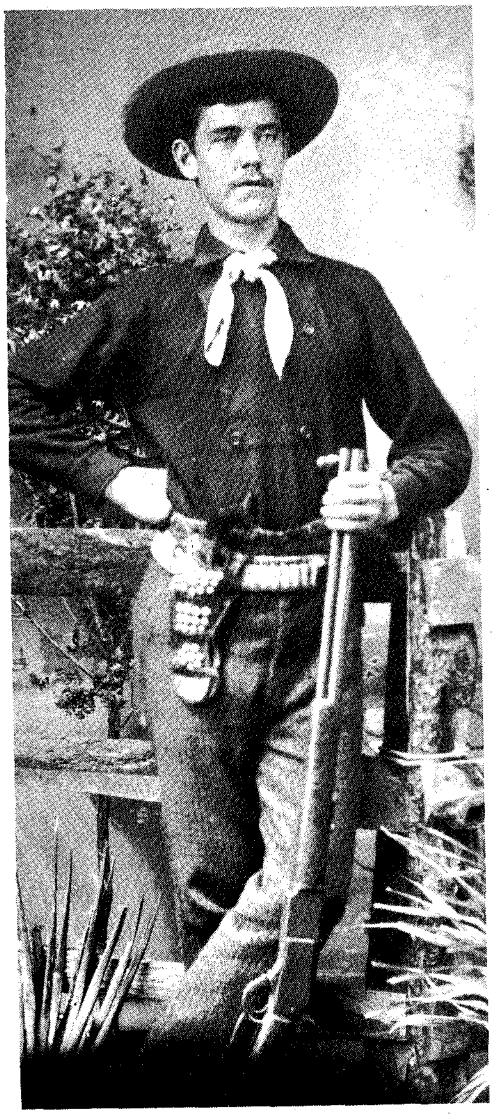
Photos Courtesy L. A. Wilke

These rare portraits should testify that studio photography nowadays just ain't what it used to be in the Old West! The prints were made from a batch of old glass-plate negatives L. A. Wilke found while touring New Mexico ghost towns several years back. Judging from the props and settings, we believe all these photos (except the outdoor shot on page 56) were taken in the same studio probably around 1880-90 and possibly in either Kingston or Hillsboro, New Mexico or some town in the vicinity of the state's Black Range.

Our last deduction is based on the fact that several photos in the Wilke collection not appearing here were found to be exact duplicates of several photos taken in Kingston and Hillsboro which accompanied the feature story, "New Mexico's Tumultuous Twin Towns" in our Summer 1969 OLD WEST. If any readers can identify any of the persons pictured, we'd surely like to hear from you!







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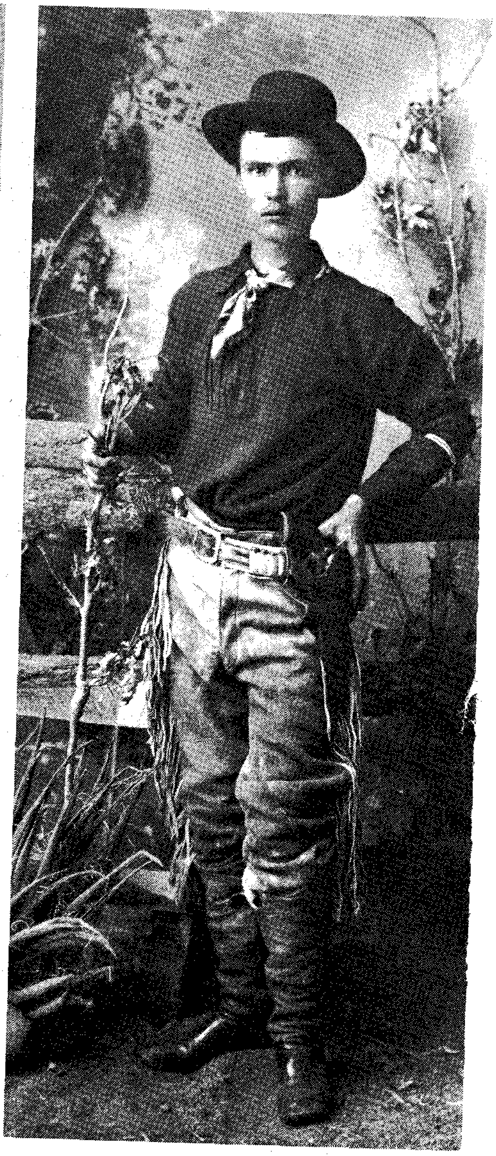

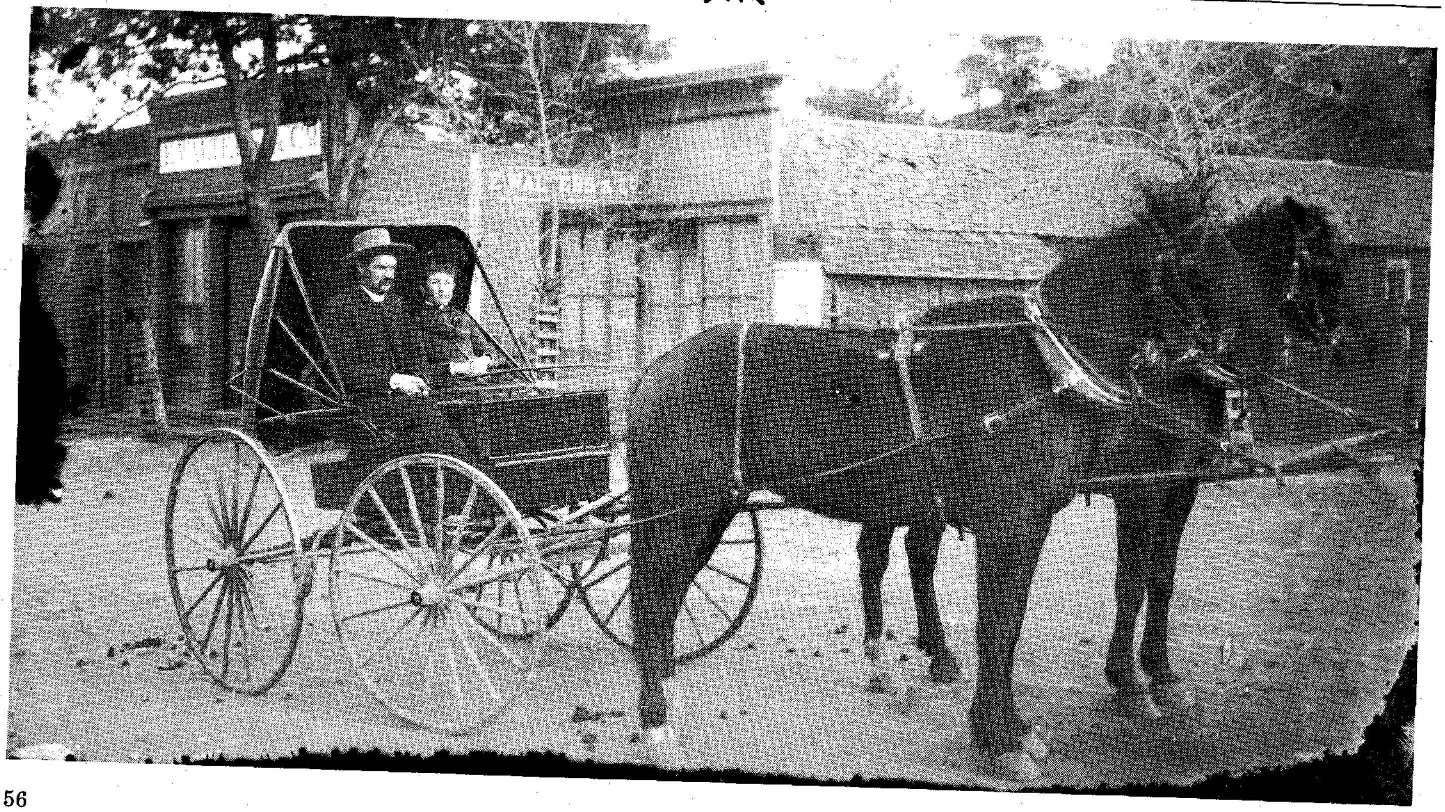
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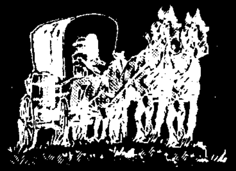

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Tough Warriors!

(Continued from page 53)

Spreading out in a line far apart the Navajos came to a complete stop. Not until the Cheyennes were in range to make aim absolutely certain, did the Navajos open fire.

The Cheyennes fired back, but the second volley from the Navajos dropped so many that the charge ended in confusion. Some of the horses had been wounded, were dashing around wildly, and this added more pandemonium. Red Goat led his warriors to a low hill overlooking a buffalo wallow, where they dismounted and raced onto the slopes in time to catch the surviving Cheyennes coming after them.

Rifle fire cracked from both sides but the Navajos, obscured by grass and boulders, were hard to hit. The closer the Cheyennes came, the greater were their casualties.

Like the Comanches and Kiowas, the Cheyennes contemptuously refused to believe that the poor Navajos could fight back so hard and sure. Not until cut down to less than twenty did they withdraw.

"Let us go now," said Red Goat. "There may be more enemies close enough to hear the rifles."

Leaving the hill they returned to gather up the packed horses. If they could only get home with all the meat, what a feast their hungry tribesmen would enjoy. Thinking of that made them more determined than before to get out of Texas and into New Mexico.

BEFORE sundown Red Goat called a halt. The horses were unpacked and allowed to graze until the Big Dipper came into sight. Repacking, they set off through terrain better suited to stand off any enemies that might show up. Another rest followed at dawn.

After their ride was resumed, they had one scare of another attack. Forced to cross a stretch of high ground, they saw what appeared to be an entire Cheyenne village on the move. Packed animals, women and children formed a long, sinuous line to the northeast. Tipi poles and other camp equipment were being taken along. Out from this elongated group appeared at least fifty riders—but not in feathered battle dress or war paint. They did not come thundering across the plains; they halted a mile away, content to merely watch the Navajos and their packed train move on west.

The balance of the way to Fort Sumner passed without mishap. On reaching the prison reservation the packed horses were taken on to the river while Red Goat and two scouts went in to report the reason for their extended absence. The commander knew they had ridden north chasing raiders and was satisfied with what they accomplished. But it is doubtful that he received full details of all that happened. The story of that desperate and courageous pursuit is still remembered and told among descendants of the men who took part in it. Only their determination and fighting ability could have made it so successful.

Iowa's Terrible Gun Battle

(Continued from page 13)

Marathon and Albert City of the direction the fugitives were moving.

There was but one telephone line to Albert City—to the drug store—and when word was relayed to Marshal Lodine, the officer learned that three strangers, two white and one black, had walked into town from the north, eaten at the cafe and gone to the depot. Lodine walked to the depot, saw the trio, then went back into the business district and organized a posse.

At the trial Mike Conlin testified, "On May 16, 1901, Marshal Charles Lodine requested that I assist him to arrest Albert Phillips, Lewis Brooks, and another man, all charged with robbing the bank at Greenville, Iowa. The posse at that time consisted of Lodine and myself, John Sundblad, Alfred Gulbranson, Dr. Knee, Mr. Gilliam, and the depot agent.

"We went to the depot and Lodine said, 'You are our prisoners.' All three men began shooting at us."

A large iron stove stood near the north wall of the depot. Between it and the south wall were benches. When the marshal attempted to place the three men under arrest, they huddled behind the stove and opened fire. Five bullet holes may still be seen in the depot wall.

After the battle sixty-four empty cartridge cases of .38 caliber were picked up from the depot floor, though much of the battle raged outdoors. Marshal Lodine, badly wounded, crawled into a

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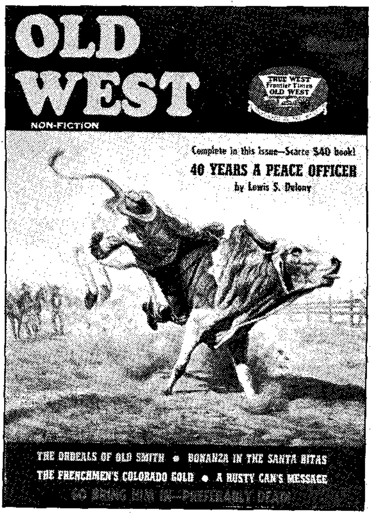
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root cellar nearby. Shots fired through the depot window dropped John Sundblad with wounds in his side and breast.

When the train pulled in, the burglars took advantage of it to run across the tracks and take cover in a corn crib. The eldest ran to a nearby shed and frantically tried to hitch a horse belonging to Mr. Bush, the grain elevator operator. Mike Collins was behind a pile of logs. He shot the outlaw in the leg. A second shot dropped the robber with a stomach wound.

Twice the mulatto raced from the crib and tried to overcome the posse with a fusillade from a revolver in each hand. Each time he was driven back. On a third attempt he reached his fallen comrade, but a glance was enough to convince him the man with the moustache was beyond help. He took his revolver and ran back to join his companion in the corn crib.

When Mr. Peterson came to town in a lumber wagon, the outlaws commandeered the rig, forcing Peterson to lash the horses. As the vehicle raced northeast from Albert City, the mulatto, who had seen his companion fall and knew Lodine and Sundblad were wounded if not dead, pressed $10 into Peterson's hand for the use of his horses and wagon.

The late Antone "Tony" Johnson remembered, "I was north of town near the slough," he said. "I heard the shooting in Albert City after I saw Peterson go to town. Then his team came running like mad past me. The Negro was standing up and he never took his eyes off me as they tore past. I didn't know what had happened, so I just stood with my gun in my hand."

Just as Peterson's team became winded, the fugitives encountered the three Newland boys with a pony and cart. They appropriated this and the mulatto gave each lad $5 for the use.

The pony was not fleet enough for the fleeing gunmen, however, and when they encountered Mrs. Anderson and her two girls in a buggy pulled by a sixteen-year-old horse, they forced the women out of the vehicle and raced off again.

THE ELDEST of the two girls, now Mrs. Harry Dahl of Des Moines, wrote her recollections. "We lived three miles southwest of Laurens and were on our way to visit my uncle, Oscar Edmonds, and family two miles south of our place.

"We were driving along leisurely and, as we approached a grade with a ditch on each side, I noticed a sulky drawn by one horse with two men in it, both leaning forward. I mentioned it to Mother who said they were no doubt hunters. After crossing the grade, they passed us and drove crosswise in the road. Both jumped out. One—the white man—held the bridle of our horse, Nellie, and the mulatto ran up on Mother's side and ordered her, my sister Florence, and myself to get out. . . . He said their lives were in danger. They forced us out and as they were getting into the buggy Mother reached in and pulled a fur lap robe out and said, 'You are not going to have this!' There was a calm tenseness about them. . . .

"A double seated buggy full of men with red handkerchiefs tied over their heads and with guns . . . approached us at great speed. . . . As they came up, they kept yelling 'Why didn't you stop them?' And then they were off down the road. . . .

"Father was painting the barn when we arrived home. After a few words he jumped into the buggy and away in pursuit of the robbers. My teen-aged brothers ransacked the buggy and found the letter with eleven dollars—a ten and a one dollar bill. I still have the note. It states: 'Dear Madam, it is the most regrettable incident of my life that you and the children were compelled to evacuate your carriage. But under the stress of the circumstances, won't you please pardon me? The (?).'"

Florence Anderson, who was the other girl in the buggy wrote, "I am afraid that I could not tell you much as I was only two years old. I used to ask Mother to tell the story of the burglars when it was story-telling time. . . . I was always frightened as I walked along the road when I went to visit my cousins. I do have the $1 bill which was left under the seat of the buggy along with the $10 bill."

In their flight the two surviving burglars had taken Peterson's wagon for which the mulatto paid $10; the pony and cart of the Newland boys for which he paid $15, and Mrs. Anderson's horse and buggy for which he left the note of apology and $11 under the seat.

It is a fascinating facet of his many-sided character that, with a posse in hot pursuit, having seen his companion killed and two of the posse shot, he would take time to write the note of apology.

The fat old horse taken from the Andersons was no steed for fleeing bank burglars and when they saw Mr. Gregerson picking corn they drove into the field and forced him to unhitch his horses.

The mulatto mounted, but was bucked off amid a shower of coins from his jacket pockets. His companion must have realized the mulatto was no horseman, for although he was mounted and had control of the horse, he did not attempt to get his partner to mount behind him. Rather than abandon him, he dismounted and the two raced off through the standing corn.

By this time the posse was upon them and had surrounded the cornfield. There was an exchange of shots, one of which, from Mike Conlin's rifle, nicked the mulatto's ear. Conlin had fired his last cartridge when the duo waved a white handkerchief as a token of surrender.

As the posse moved in one said, "We give up. It's all over." Then they were bound and thrown into the Anderson buggy and taken to Albert City. The new little town had no jail so the prisoners were placed in the basement of the Cummings Hotel.

The mulatto said he hoped no one was seriously hurt in the exchange of gunfire and was dejected when he learned his companion was in great pain, begging the possemen to shoot "and put me out of my misery."

The white man attempted to explain.

(Continued on page 62)

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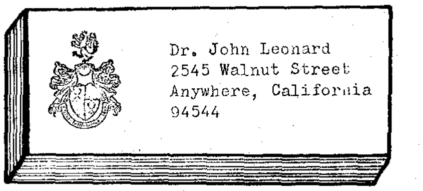

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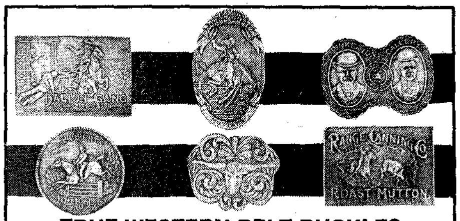

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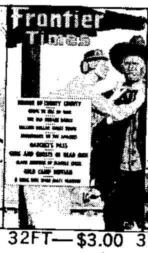
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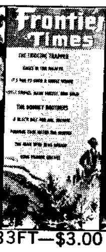
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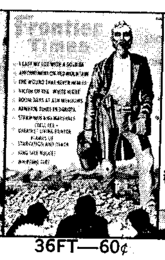
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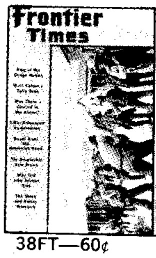
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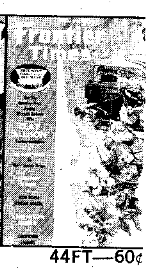
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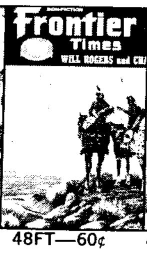
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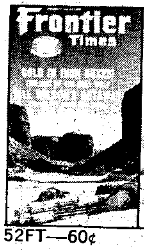
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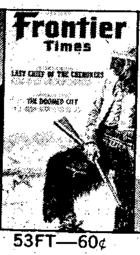
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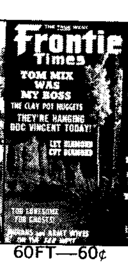
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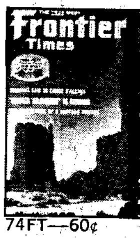
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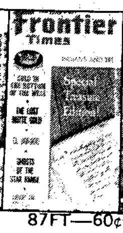
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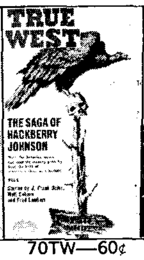
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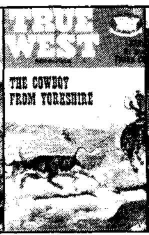
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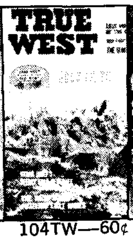
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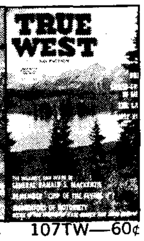
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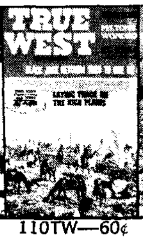
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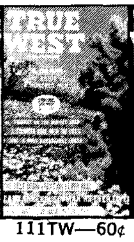
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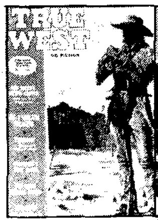
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"We weren't trying to hurt anyone," he said. "I can take my revolver and core an apple at twenty-five paces. We could have outrun you if we had shot your horses. We wouldn't even do that."

AS Marshal Lodine was fatally wounded, there was no peace officer in the little town until Asa Snyder arrived from Sioux Rapids. He promptly ordered the prisoners to strip and be searched. A razor on a cord was taken from the black man's neck and hacksaw blades were found in the seams of the white man's clothing. The mulatto also had a rubber container filled with an oily substance suspended around his neck.

The late Tony Johnson recalled the scene. "Men on the street were yelling 'C'mon. We're gonna have some fun. . . . We'll hang 'em both. . .!" One man produced a rope, but Marshal Snyder quieted them down.

The burglars asked Marshal Snyder to look after their dying friend and he did so, but returned with word that there was no hope. The outlaws gave admittedly fictitious names. The mulatto called himself Albert C. Phillips, likely taking the Albert C. from Albert City, while the white yeggman said his name was Lewis Brooks.

An old ledger in the Storm Lake Courthouse can still be seen with the entries: ALBERT C. PHILLIPS, age 27, mulatto 5′ 10″, weight 165 and LEWIS BROOKS, 27 white, 5′ 6½″, weight 138.

When informed that Marshal Lodine, John Sundblad, and their companion had died, one gasped, "Oh my God, what will the penalty be?"

Tony Johnson recalled the funeral of the eldest burglar. "They made a rough box of some boards taken from behind Englund's store," he said. "Five or six of us rode to the graveyard. There was a round hole and the box was thrown into it. The creamery man, whose name was Geyer, threw a handful of dirt on top of it and said, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. If God won't have you the devil must.' I have never forgotten it."

Brooks and Phillips got F. F. Faville and Thomas Chapman to represent them at the trial. They signed statements, admitting the bank robbery and returning all the money on their persons except $15 each which they said they had had at the beginning.

County Attorney Schultz got Attorney F. H. Helsell, an officer in the Sioux Rapids banking concern, to assist him in the prosecution. Newspapers described the jury as representing the most wealthy men in the area. The trial got underway on November 27, only ten days after their capture.

J. H. O'Donoghue, superintendent of schools, also a chemist, swore the oily liquid the mulatto carried was nitroglycerine. With the jurors out of the room, Attorney Helsell made a strong argument that, if accepted in the judge's instructions to the jury, would have assured a verdict of first degree murder. Faville asked for instructions that would allow consideration on the grounds of self-defense because the posse had no

(Continued on page 64)

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warrant and had fired before Marshal Lodine identified himself as a police officer.

At the conclusion of the jury's deliberations, a finding of first degree murder was brought in. Judge Baillie refused a new trial and sentenced the duo to hang by their necks until dead on December 18, 1902.

AN appeal to the Supreme Court eventually resulted in life sentences. In the penitentiary it was learned that Phillips, the mulatto, spoke five languages—most unusual for a "colored" man in 1901. Neither man would tell his true name.

On March 16, 1911 the following appeared in the daily newspapers: "Lewis Brooks is dead. That doesn't mean much to most people. It means only that another number is scratched off the entry book at Fort Madison prison and another mound has been raised in the prison cemetery—one less man in the march line.

"One man weeps for Brooks. He is a mulatto named Phillips who is also serving a life term. A posse undertook to arrest them . . . their companion was killed. They were sentenced to be hanged—later to life terms. Both admitted they had given fictitious names but would never disclose their true identity.

"Back of the robbery is a mystery and a melodramatic story. A white woman and a child have visited the two men in prison several times a year. Whether she is the wife of Brooks, the white man, or Phillips, the mulatto, is not known. . . ."

Fingerprinting as a means of identification was rare at the time. A. C. Pond of the Pinkerton Agency tried to identify the prisoners from pictures in the Agency's rogues gallery but was unsuccessful. Sheriff Thompson of Green County wrote to Editor Marmon of the Albert City *Pioneer* that he thought Brooks had served a term in the county jail there. It was also reported that Brooks had served a term in Leavenworth but positive identification was never made.

Judge Gaynor of LeMars, Iowa viewed the two men and said he thought Phillips had appeared before him on three occasions, using the names Jones, Hale, and Shaw. On one occasion, when charged with the burglary of a store in Sibley, the mulatto had acted as his own attorney and was able to take evidence offered by the state and turn it to his advantage and win a "not guilty" verdict.

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The mulatto died of a brain hemorrhage on September 1, 1926 with the mystery of his dual personality still unsolved. Who was the woman? Whose was the child? His mastery of five languages indicated a college education. And the beautiful sonnets he wrote when Brooks died—where had he learned to express himself with such eloquence and beauty? If he had not become a bank burglar, who can say what rare poems he might have given to the world?

Consideration of his ability and tragic end reminds one of the words of another poet who wrote, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—it might have been."

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 5)

my father home and the excitement of the following days. Of course, I learned more in my adult years of all those events and from my daughter's research of the genealogy of the family.

There are two minor errors in this account. I am a daughter of R. B. Williams, not a sister. The similarity of our names often leads to misunderstanding. Second, Henry Lehman, the rancher from Middle Park who fired the bullet that killed Covington, did not become "mentally deranged." He did his duty as he saw it, but later it was proved that the man who should have been killed was the lawyer who served the garnishment. Mr. Lehman lived his life in South Park, a rancher and greatly respected, and a friend of the Williams family.

I am so glad to have as true an account as Mr. Wieler has given and I do wonder where he got his information.

This account has meant a great deal to me. I am the last Williams left here. My mother died last June and my sister lives in Nevada.—Mrs. Edna Williamson, 6200 W. 38th Avenue, Wheat Ridge, Colorado 80033

☆ ☆ ☆

Recently my husband was in Denver at a medical meeting, and while there was shown the Winter 1974 issue of OLD WEST. "Shooting Above Goldman's Saloon" by Hank Wieler tells about Marshal Keleher who happens to have been my husband's grandfather, for whom he was named. We were most interested in this because, while the story has been known in the family, we had never seen it in print before.

My husband was born and raised in Denver, graduated from Denver University and the University of Colorado Medical School. Although we have lived in North Carolina for the past twenty-five years, we are still very much interested in the early years in Colorado.—Mrs. Michael F. (Barbara C.) Keleher, 18 Maywood Road, Asheville, North Carolina 28804

I Need Your Advice Again!

(Continued from page 3)

we were reprinting them and I'd like to hear from you on that score also. Then, in the current issue of *Old West,* I asked about reprinting the valuable first editions of *True West.* We did this for a while and the *very issue* we started using all new material, sales dropped. It seems simple—go ahead and take up where we left off. We could cut out all old advertising, use only the best features and probably have room for five or six new articles since some of those older issues of *True West* were pretty slim. But I don't know whether it was the fact that magazine sales started dropping in general that caused our sales to drop at that particular time, or whether it was discontinuing reprinting the old unobtainable issues of *True West.* There again, some answers from you would be extremely welcome.

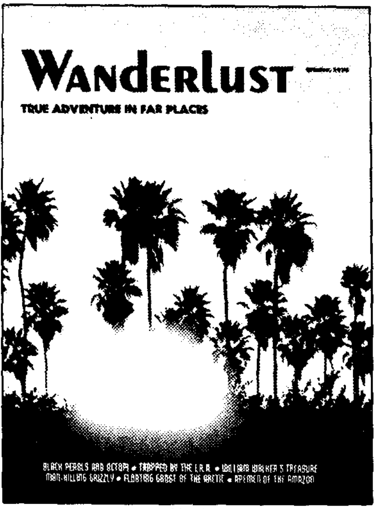
In short, we want to continue to publish the best dad-burned Western Americana magazines in the country and you readers being the most *discriminating* readers of Western Americana in the *world*—well, what better way can we find out and know for sure? You have always been not only willing but very eager to let us know about these things and it helps a tall heap.

The following is something I have been wanting to do for a long time. I may be throwing too many questions at you at one time—which is a bad rule to break—but who wants to go by rules anyhow? Most of them are so confounded stuffy. I would really like to know how many readers we have had since Volume 1, No. 1 *True West.* How many of you have read us for fifteen years? Ten Years? Five years?

I may be getting into something that will be hard to handle but I would like to publish the name of every single one of you folks who have been reading *True West, Frontier Times,* and *Old West* the longest. It would be really fascinating to see if someone started with the first issue of *True West* in 1953 and is still among our readers. If you have only been reading these magazines, or any one of them, for five years, don't let that stop you. Most publishers contend that their readership makes a complete turnover (all new readers) every five years. Personally, I don't believe this and I would like to disprove it right here and now.

So write in, by golly, and we will prove or disprove something that has been sort of a rule of thumb in the magazine publishing business as long as I can remember—but without any polls, facts, or anything else to back it up, insofar as I know. If all letters aren't answered, just remember old Hosstail stays up to a withered old neck in mail all the time and, fight as hard as I do to answer letters from you wonderful people who keep this old codger in business, I stay from four to five hundred letters behind—honest Injun.

Now let the letters roll in and bare your very soul. That is what has always kept us going and I think it always will. See you in April *True West.*—Hosstail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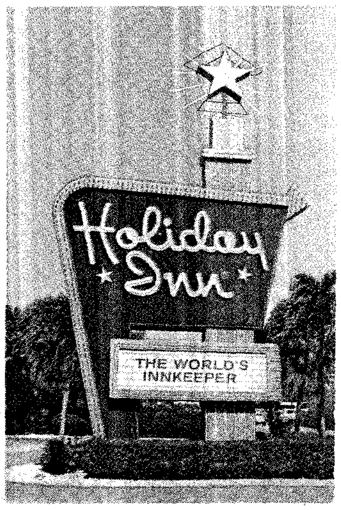
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